PENTHOUSE

JANUARY / FEBRUARY 2021

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RAPPER TOM MacDONALD SNATCHES THE SPOTLIGHT

ARTIST ROBERT SAMMELIN IS DRAWN TO SUCCESS

PLUS

BEAUTIFUL BABES
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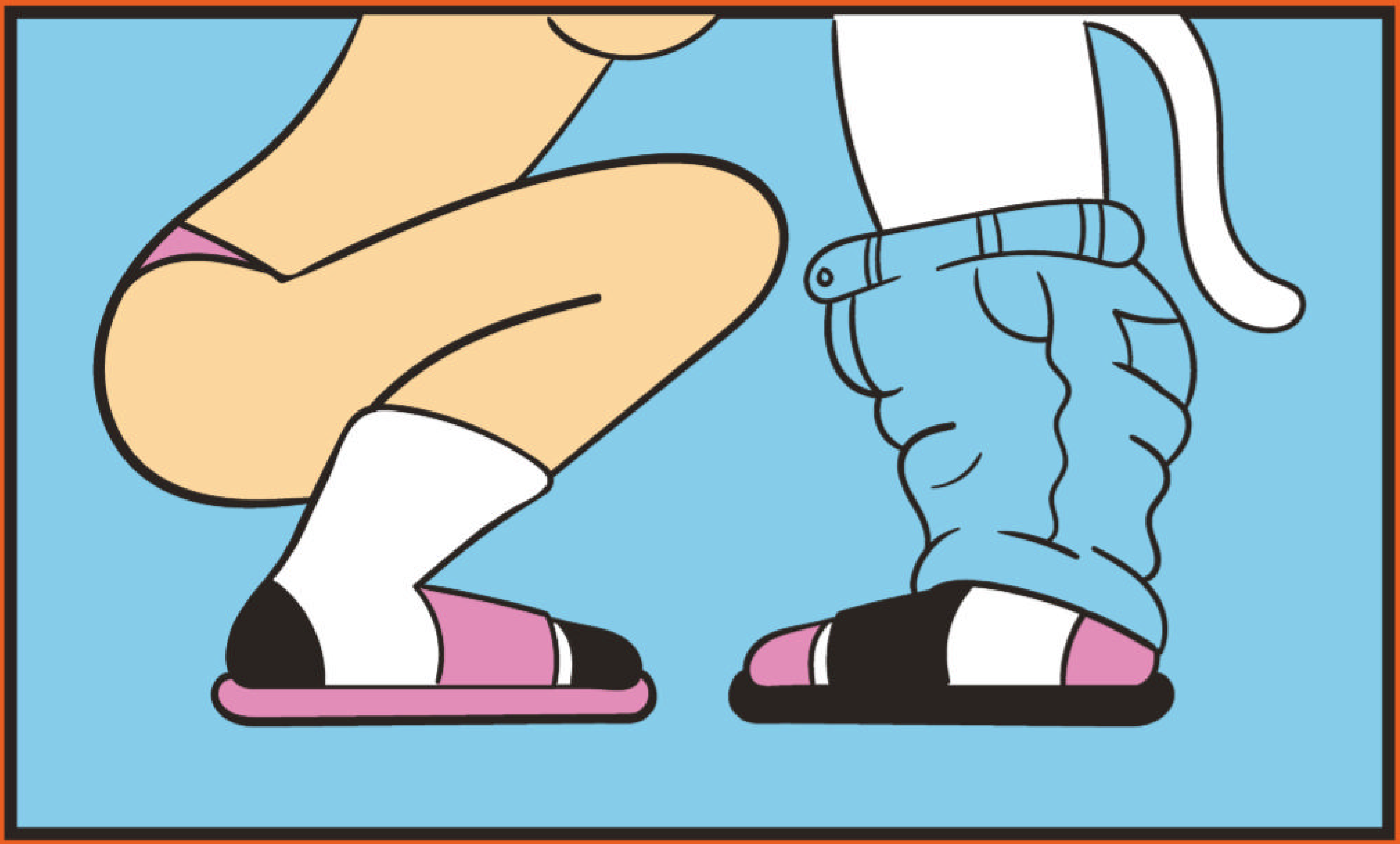

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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WELCOME to 2021—you made it!

After surviving 2020, the concept of being plunged into the bitter temperatures and dreary days of winter feels like absolute hell. But chin up, because scientific research has suggested we actually get it on more frequently during the cooler months. Whether or not that's the case, this issue of *Penthouse* will keep you hot under the collar this winter.

For this issue, we've curated a diverse collection of topical features, politically charged and socially engaged stories and evocative photo shoots; from Embrace the Suck with U.S. Army veteran and novelist Matt Gallagher, who reminds us that America's global war on terror is nearly old enough to legally drink and questions how servicemembers have changed over that time; to our feature on China's crackdown on Mongolian culture, written by Dr. Antonio Graceffo; to our sports columnist, Rob Pegley, discussing how Conor McGregor has taken UFC to the next level.

On the photo shoot front, we introduce you to two new sections we know you will love: Cyber Cutie and Social Premier. We will let the photos speak for themselves. As always, *Penthouse* delivers on the Pet front with two new stunning women—Vanna Bardot and LaSirena—and we showcase the incredible erotic photography of L.A.-based photographer Cameron Davis.

Turning to the art world, we showcase the erotic abstract digital paintings of Serbian artist Mateja Petkovic, as well as learn how self-taught artist Robert Sammelin turned his obsession for drawing motorcycles and shapely women brandishing guns into a career that has seen his art in the hands of millions around the globe.

And as always, we bring you the best in men's fashion, tech and sex.

While a lot of things are uncertain right now, we guarantee this issue of *Penthouse* will turn up the heat and stave off the chill.

Enjoy.

Damien Costas

DAMIEN COSTAS
Editor-in-Chief

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

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DEBRIEF

OUR RUNDOWN OF THE THE MOST BLAZING, CRAZING AND HAIR-RAISING HEADLINES FROM THE PAST THREE MONTHS

CREDIT: MATT SOLOMON / REX MANNING

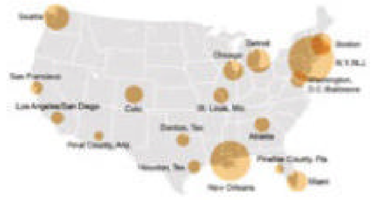
REPUBLICAN PARTY PUTS ON A SPECTACLE

AUGUST 4

THE 2020 Republican National Convention was a star-studded affair, with a lineup of speakers of a calibre rarely found outside the fevered dreams of talk radio hosts. Aside from the president himself, his wife, and his various children, speakers included many who merely wish they were his wife and/or children, such as crusading nun Sister Deirdre Byrne, professional memory-sink Rudy Giuliani, and Kimberly Guilfoyle, whose precise position remains unknown but who proved herself an electrifying performer with an extended combined seizure-orgasm.

COED COVID CLUSTERS

AUGUST 17

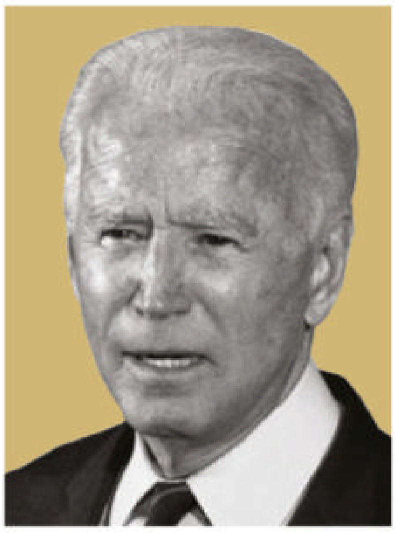


AS the U.S. college semester began in August, university officials across the nation hit panic stations in the face of an entirely unforeseen development: large numbers of people gathering in close proximity during an infectious disease pandemic leading to a dramatic increase in infections. New COVID-19 clusters have sprung up on campuses everywhere, some linked to off-campus parties and clubs, as colleges hastily put isolation measures in place to contain the outbreaks that surely nobody could have predicted.

JOE BIDEN CROWNED AT DEM'S CONVENTION

AUGUST 19

THE Democratic convention in August officially crowned former Vice President Joe Biden as the party's presidential nominee, going for wisdom and experience over youth and not taking multiple naps throughout the day. Biden's broad appeal to middle America was the key to winning over Democrats, who hope "Sleepy Joe's" poll lead over President Trump will translate into victory in November, in an election pundits are dubbing "The Battle of the Mobility Scooters."

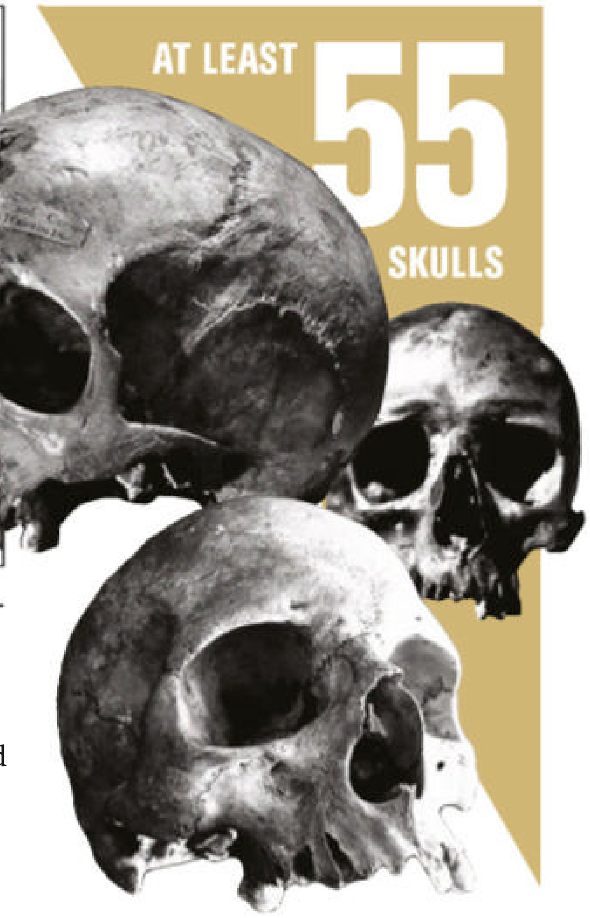


TWO TRILLION APPLES A DAY

AUGUST 20

$2,000,

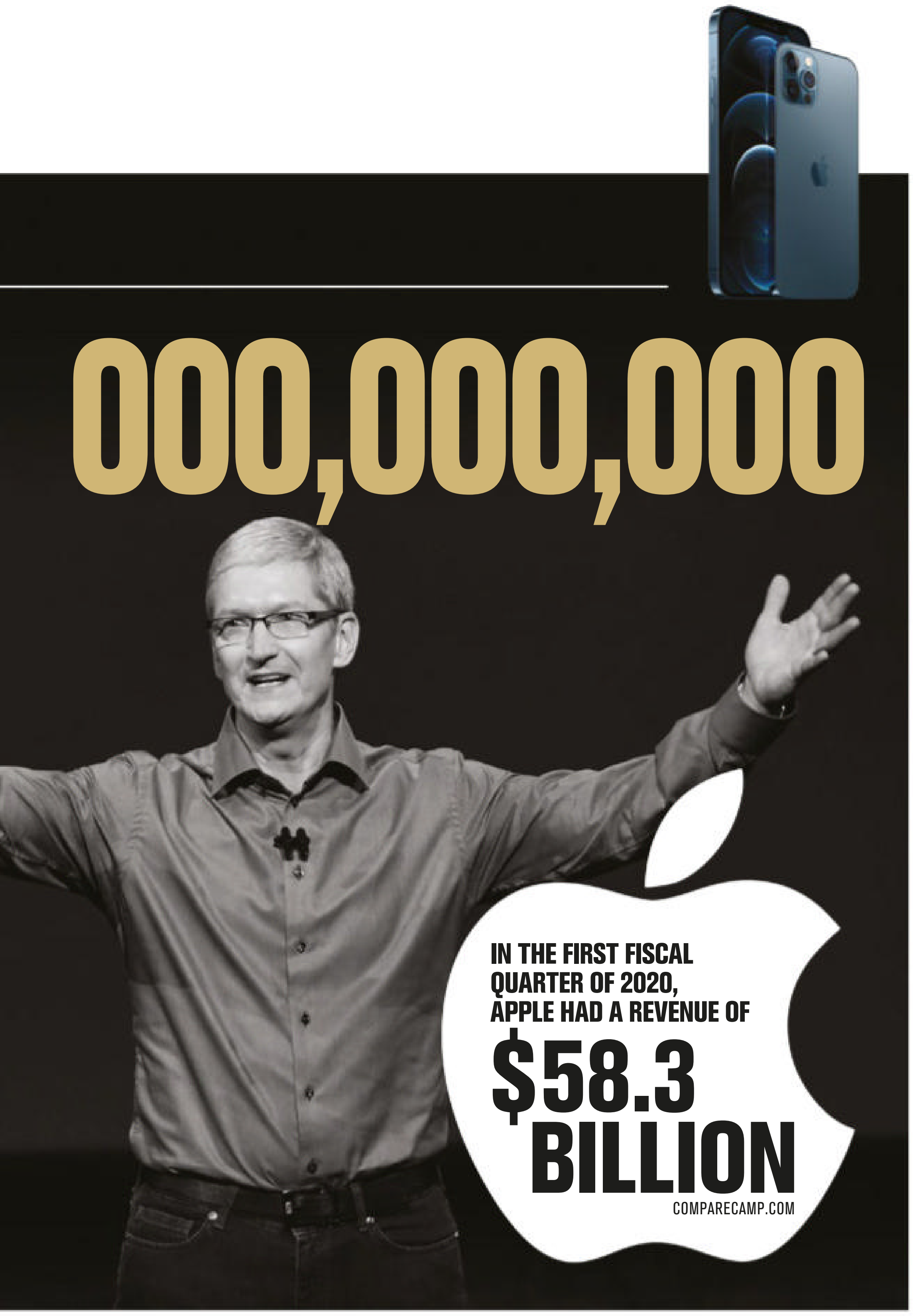
IN the latest illustration of just how awesome capitalism is, Apple has become the first company in history with a market value of $2 trillion. As loyal Apple fans continue to purchase iPhones and iPads in their millions, the corporate behemoth hit the benchmark just two years after it became the first to reach $1 trillion. This hot streak has hammered home the truth at the heart of the Apple slogan: "Keep Giving Us Money." Meanwhile, fellow tech titans Amazon and Microsoft are also creeping nearer to the two-trillion mark, suggesting that computers might be here to stay.



UPENN TO SEND SKULLS HOME

AUGUST 20

IN creepy human remains news, the University of Pennsylvania is re-examining its possession of a collection of human skulls originally acquired from Samuel George Morton, a white supremacist doctor who used the skulls in his efforts to develop scientific justification for slavery. A group of students at UPenn presented findings last year that the collection included at least 55 skulls of slaves, making the huge horde of disembodied heads from the laboratory of the mad racist scientist slightly problematic. There have been calls for the skulls to be repatriated, though this may be difficult given nobody knows exactly where they came from. Failing that, UPenn may decide to give the skulls a decent burial, if only to prevent a serious case of university-haunting.



IN THE FIRST FISCAL QUARTER OF 2020, APPLE HAD A REVENUE OF

$58.3 BILLION

COMPARECAMP.COM

MARCO AND LAURA HIT GULF COAST
AUGUST 24

NEW Orleans was squarely in nature's sights in August as two tropical storms—adorably dubbed Marco and Laura—bore down on America's Gulf Coast. Opinion was divided as to whether the intensity of hurricane season was a result of climate change, a vengeful god, or just the general overarching awfulness of 2020, but whatever the scientific explanation, one thing is certain: Nature sucks.

MARCO
LAURA

TRUMP CORONA CURE CAUSES DOUBT
AUGUST 25

DONALD Trump hailed the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's decision to approve convalescent plasma as a treatment for COVID-19 patients as a breakthrough in the fight against the coronavirus—but some experts are expressing doubt over the treatment's effectiveness. This disagreement is setting the scene for yet another battle between two opposing ideologies: the ideology that experts know what they're talking about versus the ideology that for God's sake can't we have some good news for once?

AMERICA WINS AGAIN
AUGUST 31

Montreal
Toronto
Chicago
Detroit
New York
St Louis
Dallas
Houston
Gulf of Mexico
Miami
Havana

THE U.S. has passed the six million mark in reported COVID-19 cases, proving yet again that America does everything bigger than the rest. This means the superpower represents almost a quarter of the global total of infections, so in proportional terms they are truly punching above their weight.

6
MILLION +
CASES

TRUMP SAYS HELL NO
SEPTEMBER 2

THE COVID-19 Vaccines Global Access Facility, or Covax, is a plan developed by the World Health Organization to facilitate development and testing of a COVID vaccine and help distribute it equally throughout the world. It's also a plan the U.S. wants no part of, as the Trump administration forcefully made clear. "The United States will continue to engage our international partners to ensure we defeat this virus, but we will not be constrained by multilateral organizations influenced by the corrupt World Health Organization and China," the White House said in a statement. Whether one agrees with this stance depends a lot on just how corrupt one believes the WHO to be, and whether one ranks international cooperation as a higher priority than standing up to people who are mean to you.

IT DON'T MATTER IF YOU'RE BLACK OR WHITE

SEPTEMBER 4

JESSICA Krug, anti-racism activist and professor of African-American history at George Washington University, has shocked the world with a Medium post admitting that, despite many years of leveraging her identity as a proud black woman for prestige and financial support, she is in fact a white woman—and not even all that proud. Krug apologized profusely for any hurt she had caused, pleading with the public to understand just how easy it was in these troubled times to accidentally fall into a lifestyle of massive fraud.

TO THE LOSERS GO THE SPOILS

SEPTEMBER 5

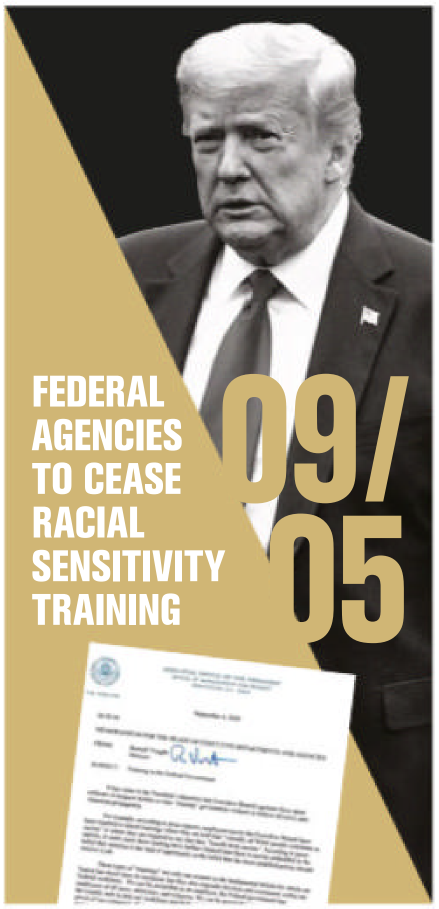
PRESIDENT Trump has denied reports he called American soldiers killed in action "losers," as veterans' groups expressed anger at the president's alleged disrespect for the casualties of war. *The Atlantic* reported that Trump canceled a visit to a U.S. military cemetery in France because he said it was "filled with losers," although in his defense, it was also raining and his hair would have gotten wet. The White House has dubbed the report a complete fabrication, while others have defended the president by pointing out that those soldiers died so that all men would have the right to keep their hair dry.

35
LIVES LOST

TRUMP PLAYS FIDDLE AS WEST COAST BURNS

SEPTEMBER 14

THE death toll from the massive wildfires devastating the American West Coast continues to rise: at least 35 people have been killed by the fires since mid-August, and more than half a million people are under evacuation orders. Politicians from Western states, including Los Angeles Mayor Eric Garcetti and Oregon Senator Jeff Merkley, have also fired off about President Trump's response, which has mainly involved criticized the states involved for failing to rake their leaves sufficiently. Some say Trump has ignored the human toll of the fires because they have happened in Democrat-controlled states, although others say Trump really needs no special reason to ignore suffering.


FEDERAL AGENCIES TO CEASE RACIAL SENSITIVITY TRAINING
09/
05

THAT'S NOT ALL WHITE, SAYS TRUMP

SEPTEMBER 5

PRESIDENT Trump has delighted and outraged culture warriors, depending what side of the divide they're on, by ordering federal agencies to cease racial sensitivity training based on "critical race theory" or "white privilege," alleging that such training does nothing but foster resentment in the workplace. Teaching federal employees that the U.S. is "inherently racist" is now verboten, according to Trump, a devastating blow to the providers of such training, who have been making a pretty tidy living being paid to visit workplaces and tell everyone to stop being so white all the time.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FALL TOGETHER

SEPTEMBER 16

AS 2020 continues to reach new heights of nightmarishness, birds have begun falling out of the sky in the country's Southwest. Across New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, Colorado and Nebraska, thousands of migrating flycatchers, swallows and warblers have dropped dead and plummeted to earth in what ornithologists call "inexplicable" and "probably not related to the End of Days" events. It's possible the die-off is a result of wildfires and/or climate change, so humanity can rest assured that if it's not a harbinger of our imminent demise, it's definitely a harbinger of our eventual extinction.

SCOTUS WITH THE MOSTEST

SEPTEMBER 25

THE death of liberal U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg has opened up an opportunity for the Trump administration to nominate a new conservative judge and install a six-to-three conservative majority on the court, something it hopes to achieve before November's election. Democrats are crying foul, pointing out that in 2016, the GOP blocked any attempt by President Obama to appoint a new SC justice pre-election. However, Republicans have replied by pointing out that big whoop, THEY'RE in charge now, so suck it. Meanwhile the rest of the world watches on in awe at just how beautifully the American system works.

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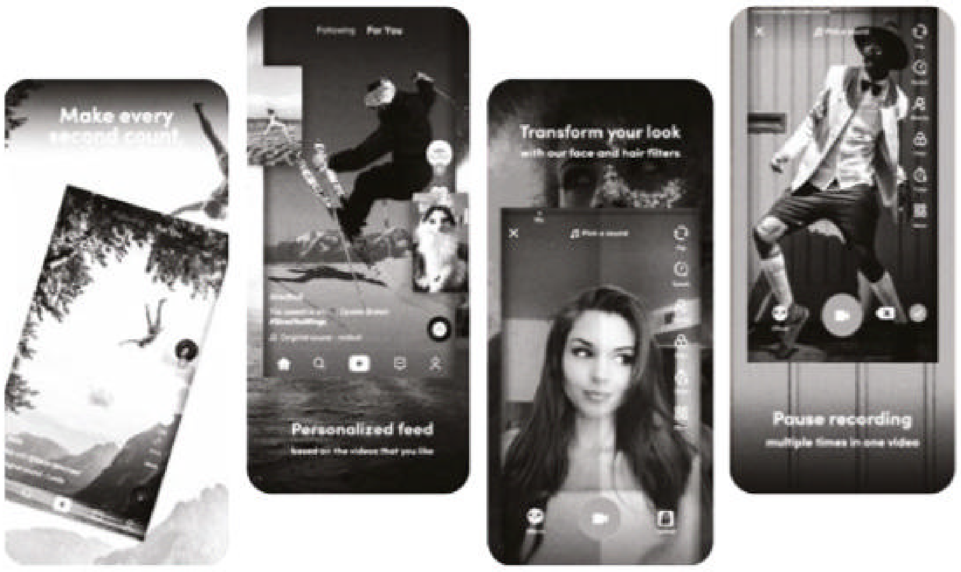
TIKTOK WON'T STOP
SEPTEMBER 27


Make every second count
Following For You
Personalized feed based on the videos that you like
Transform your look with our face and hair filters
Pause recording multiple times in one video

A U.S. federal judge recently revitalized China's hopes of defeating its enemies via teenagers' nonsense, granting a preliminary injunction against President Trump's executive order banning the viral video app TikTok from U.S. app stores. The Trump administration had declared the ban on the app—beloved of dancing children and baffling to anyone over 20—was necessary to prevent Chinese-owned TikTok from sending data to Beijing. Judge Carl Nichols, however, ruled that for now the kids are all right and can continue freely sharing opinions, dances and weird videos in which they jump from side to side.

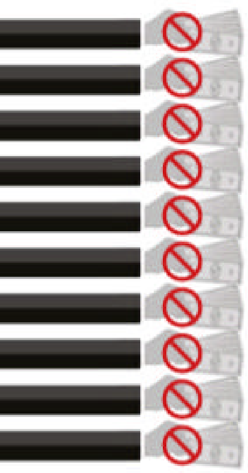
TIKTOK IS THE 6TH LARGEST SOCIAL NETWORK

THE PLATFORM HAS APPROXIMATELY 800 MILLION MONTHLY ACTIVE USERS WORLDWIDE

SMPERTH.COM

DEATH AND TAX AVOIDANCE
SEPTEMBER 28

THE *New York Times* has reported President Donald Trump paid no income tax in ten of the last 15 years, in what opponents of the president hailed as proof of his mendacity and fraudulence, and what supporters hailed as proof of his keen business intelligence. The report, which also claimed that Trump paid only $750 in tax in 2016, the year of his election, was dismissed as "fake news" by Trump, even though the near-total avoidance of tax liability would seem to be very much in line with the rugged self-reliance on which he has built his image.

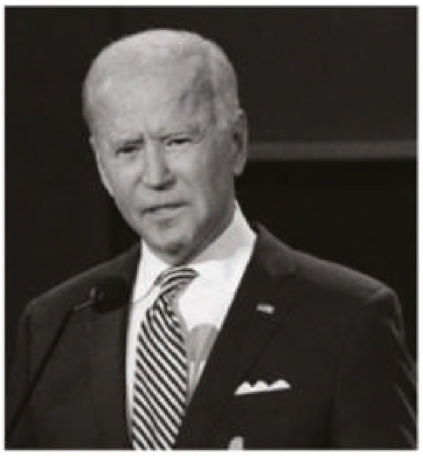


NO INCOME TAX IN 10 OF THE LAST 15 YEARS

DEBATE INTERRUPTED
SEPTEMBER 29

abc NEWS
TRUMP vs BIDEN
★ ★ ★ THE MAIN EVENT ★ ★ ★
THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE

THE first presidential debate between Donald Trump and Joe Biden set tongues wagging around the world, as arguments over who won were overshadowed by a heartwarming consensus that no presidential debate should ever be allowed to happen again. Highlights included Trump interrupting Biden, Trump interrupting the moderator, Biden telling Trump to shut up, and Trump interrupting Biden again. Lowlights included the creeping realization that life is not worth living, thus fulfilling the promise of the Declaration of Independence.



TRUMP CATCHES COVID
OCTOBER 2

AFTER months of downplaying the impact of the COVID-19 pandemic, it was confirmed President Donald Trump had caught the virus himself. While other nations, led by politicians falling on the "coronavirus is probably real and presents a clear threat to public health" side of the debate listened to scientific advice passed down by experts, DJT wasn't about to be told what to do by a bunch of nerds. And now the White House is officially a COVID-19 hotspot, as Trump and his team held "superspreader" events leading to the infection of his staff and political supporters. Days after his hospitalization, where Trump's inability to breath properly meant he had to receive oxygen treatment, he told reporters that getting COVID was a "blessing from God," which, coincidentally, was exactly how millions of other Americans felt about the matter.

GOV BABY GONE
OCTOBER 8

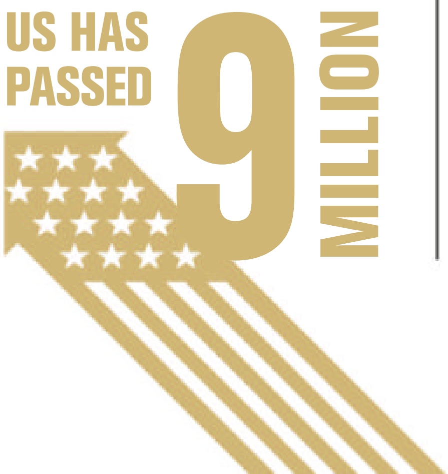
IN a turn for the strange, 14 whackjobs out of Michigan, which according to the Anti-Defamation League is the home of the modern-day militia movement, formed a group called the Wolverine Watchmen and plotted to kidnap Michigan Governor Gretchen Whitmer, investigators say. According to the paramilitary group, Whitmer's response to the COVID-19 pandemic, which included strict lockdown protocols, was tyrannical and in direct contravention of the hallowed American right to die of viral pneumonia. The plan was foiled by FBI operatives on the eighth of October and now one of the alleged co-conspirators is asking to be released on bail for fear he might catch COVID-19, which, if you really think about it, is just incredibly funny.

GIRLBOSS AMY CONEY BARRETT CONFIRMED
OCTOBER 26

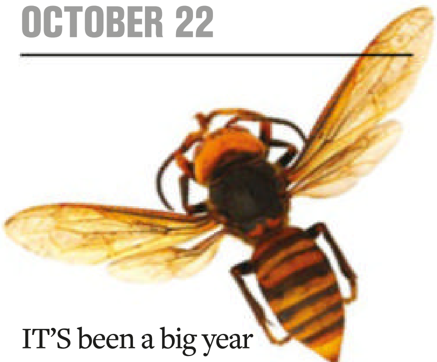
FEMINISTS the world over rejoiced as the fifth ever woman to hold a position on the Supreme Court was confirmed by the United States Senate at the end of October. ACB, as she's affectionately known, holds highly conservative views around abortion, stoking fears that the bona fide girlboss might use her position to help overturn the historic Roe v. Wade Supreme Court ruling, which gives federal protection to women to decide what they can and can't do with their own bodies. Can we get a "yass kween?"

COVID, COVID, COVID
NOVEMBER 1

MUCH to the chagrin of Donald Trump and his supporters, that danged novel coronavirus just won't quit and go home. Making matters worse, the fake news media, which is any media that reports on topics the president doesn't like, won't stop talking about it. The U.S. passed 9 million infections in November, surpassing the pessimistic expectations of even the most sour-faced epidemiological expert (and setting a new world record for infections—go team!). Donald Trump once claimed the virus would be gone by April 2020. To be fair, he has also predicted it would be gone another 39 times since then, and playing those numbers, eventually he'll be right.



MURDER HORNETS INC.
OCTOBER 22



IT'S been a big year for Millenarian doomsday prophets. With so many signs of the impending collapse of civilization to choose from, it must be hard to focus on a single event. For us, it's the Murder Hornets. Remember them? Earlier this year, an Asian variant of the regular hornet was discovered. It's bigger, more aggressive, and it's sole purpose on this earth, as its name suggests, is murder. Specifically, the genocide of local bee populations, collapsing one of the core pillars of flower reproduction and causing flow-on effects with catastrophic consequences for the environment. Anyway, the first Murder Hornet nest has been located in the U.S. Can whoever's holding the cursed monkey paw, please put it down.

THIRD DEBATE GOES...OK
OCTOBER 23

AFTER the rancor of the first presidential debate between Donald Trump and Joe Biden, which involved name-calling, nonstop interruptions and brutal attacks on the personalities and families of each of the candidates, the third scheduled debate—which came after the second debate was canceled due to Trump's run-in with a deadly infectious disease he denies is a big deal—was a return to "normal," or at least as normal as we could expect in the current year. It was also a bit boring because we secretly love watching two septuagenarians duke it out like crotchety dudes at the old folks' home fighting for the television remote.

ELECTION DAY
NOVEMBER 3

THE season finale of America pulled no punches and delivered the surprise nail-biting finish we all wanted. It was a slow, drawn-out process that showed both candidates up at different points with Biden looking close to victory by the afternoon of Nov. 4. With Biden, the media and most political animals from both parties urging calm and diligence as the process played itself out, a surprisingly toned-down Trump offered Biden a nice place in Alaska with a pension, along with mercy for his political opponents if they stood down immediately. At the end of the day, it was still way better than *Game of Thrones*.

11/03
SEASON FINALE

GET THE PICTURE

THIS incredible image was captured by Indigenous Australian photographer Jalaru, along the coast of Broome, in remote Western Australia, where the intensely red sandy soil meets the azure ocean and the vivid skies of the northwest. The colors of the Kimberley landscape have been said to be among the most rich and vibrant in the world—a fitting backdrop for the beautiful Ash. No filters needed.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JALARU

CRUSH

ASPEN ASHLEIGH

FOLLOW @BABYASPENX

THIS issue we're crushing on the gorgeous Aspen Ashleigh, who is capturing hearts around the world, specifically of the kind that appear when her 215,000+ following like her photos on Instagram. The 21-year-old Texan tells *Penthouse* when she's not modeling or creating exclusive content for her OnlyFans, she runs her own business on the side helping other content creators grow their brands on social media. Please excuse us while we like, love, follow, add and swipe right.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX ROMO

The Golden Age of Streaking

WHAT IS IT ABOUT LIVE SPORTS THAT MAKES PEOPLE FEEL COMPELLED TO STRIP DOWN AND RUN STARK NAKED ACROSS A PROFESSIONAL PLAYING FIELD IN FRONT OF THOUSANDS OF STRANGERS? FROM NUDE CARTWHEELS TO REPEAT OFFENDERS, WE EXPLORE SOME OF THE MOST ICONIC STREAKING IN SPORTS MOMENTS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.

1960s
Erika Roe at Twickenham '82

1974

Australian Michael O'Brien became rugby's first ever streaker captured on camera when he bolted nude into the middle of an England versus France match at Twickenham Stadium in 1974. Reportedly dared £10, the stockbroker became the subject of an infamous photo when a policeman covered him up with his helmet.

1982

Erika Roe's impressive bosom made headlines in 1982 after the 24-year-old's streak across the rugby pitch during the England-Australia match at Twickenham in front of 60,000 spectators. She said: "At halftime, the crowd appeared bored by a man dressed as a gorilla trying to entertain them, then someone shouted, 'Doesn't someone streak now?' For me, it was like a red rag to a bull. Totally unplanned, I removed my top and bra and streaked across the ground with a cigarette in my mouth before being chased by a policeman and hauled off to the police station." Despite men's magazines tripping over themselves to get Erika on their pages—including *Penthouse*, who offered her a centerfold—Erika ditched her newfound notoriety and instead became a potato farmer.

The same year saw Helen d'Amico earn herself the title of Australia's most famous streaker. The American-born dancer had been working at the Crazy Horse strip club in Adelaide when she made a memorable trip to Melbourne and ran stark naked onto the field during the Richmond versus Carlton Australian football grand final with only a Carlton Blues scarf wrapped around her neck. Daring d'Amico was marched off the field by angry players to the deafening roar of over 100,000 adoring spectators.

1989

Sheila Nicholls ran naked onto the field at Lords Cricket Ground in London in 1989 and managed a very athletic sprint that included a cartwheel before she was captured. The gorgeous 19-year-old's entire streak was broadcast live on TV, and she immediately became a media sensation. Nicholls opened the floodgates and streaking became a standard hazard at sporting events.

The gorgeous 19-year-old's entire streak was broadcast live on TV, and she immediately became a media sensation.

1993

Serial streaker Mark Roberts has impressively recorded more than 500 streaks in over 13 countries since 1993, but it was his "19th Hole" stunt that is responsible for creating one of the most infamous sporting photos from the '90s—and dare we say it—of all sporting history. The Liverpool-born streaker couldn't have timed his clothes-free sprint across the green any better as it happened immediately after John Daly claimed the British Open at St. Andrew's in 1995.

2002

Mark Roberts was back at it again in 2002, when he bared all at the 2002 Wimbledon men's final between Lleyton Hewitt and David Nalbandian. In 2015, Roberts said, "At the time, I was 37 and this was my biggest streak. I've done 541 so far, and keep thinking I'm done. But then something will pop up." He explained after the rain stopped play that day, "I ran down the steps, jumped over the wall, took my clothes off and ran onto the pitch ... Everyone cheered, even the royal box. I did a few somersaults and a moonwalk." ●

MOTM

TOM MACDONALD

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

TOM MacDonald is the brave breath of fresh air many are yearning for.

In the current heated climate, few have the guts to speak up, while MacDonald is fearless in offering an alternative worldview, bringing hope to many who see themselves as outsiders.

The Canadian artist has become known for his social commentary flowing through slick delivery—and he's swiftly amassed an impressive following together with his girlfriend, Nova Rockafeller.

MacDonald beat Cardi B on the iTunes Hip-Hop Top 40 before making it onto the Billboard 100. His online videos regularly reach well over a million views within months of being released.

The former pro wrestler attributes his success to staying independent and refusing to let a label mess with his vision.

Many major labels wouldn't be keen to give the green light to an artist presenting songs such as "People So Stupid," "WHITEBOY" and "Buttholes."

It's working for MacDonald.

He's being hailed as the champion of "caption rap," a term coined by hip-hop fans online to describe underground hip-hop artists who promote their music directly through social media.

Like any subculture, it comes with angry skeptics who believe they're gatekeepers of acceptable narratives.

In "No Lives Matter," MacDonald raps: "Freedom's dead, if you have an opinion, take it back / People hate the president, if you don't then you trash / Indoctrinate the nation using news and mainstream rap / The government abuses us, it's all part of the plan."

In 2019, his song "Cloned Rappers" was used as fuel for the crazy conspiracy that acclaimed rapper Eminem died years ago and is now a clone. The video setting looks like a scene out of Frankenstein, working well for conspiracy theorists desperately hunting for evidence clones have been created in a lab.

The less conspiratorial chose to interpret lyrics as being metaphorical for rappers not being able to express themselves.

The video for "Cloned Rappers" swiftly surpassed 1 million views on YouTube.

In March 2020, his song "Coronavirus" amassed 2.8 million views on YouTube. He rapped: "This is a pandemic, but we don't listen to the news / 'Cause they lied to us for years so how we know that this truth?"

These lyrics kick-started a debate about so-called "responsible leadership," "insensitivity," "problematic content," and, therefore, the final destination of censorship.

Heaven forbid, anyone's allowed to think for themselves in 2020.

While self-quarantined in his own home, MacDonald took to his Facebook fan page to speak directly with his 1.1 million followers. During that livestream, he spoke about YouTube suppressing views and censoring content.

MacDonald explained he worked around the clock in one day to write the lyrics for "Coronavirus," mix the beat, record the song, shoot the video and release it to YouTube in the 23rd hour.

His other songs "Straight White Male" and "Everybody Hates Me" attracted a similar divided reaction of rolling eyes versus applause from supporters.

It's Tom MacDonald's raw honesty and courage to say what many are thinking that's attracting fans.

It's Tom MacDonald's raw honesty and courage to say what many are thinking that's attracting fans.

Anyone hoping such freedom of speech will fade away if Joe Biden is officially declared president has no idea what they're up against.

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MUSIC

RETRO PLAYTIME

BY CHRIS FLYNN

KIDS today, huh? Am I right? Actually no, I'm totally wrong. We act like teenagers are non-communicative monosyllabic androids, but they actually have a million different ways of communicating with each other. They just don't want to talk to us. Man, if I had Snapchat and WhatsApp and TikTok as a 15-year-old, I would have been a total hit with the ladies, producing hilarious videos to make them laugh coyly and slaying with the pithy banter.

Instead, my main form of communication with the opposite sex occurred via cassette mixtapes. Noble, but sad. And now they're back, so dust off those Walkmans, girls, and prepare to hit PLAY. No, not fast-forward. Don't touch that. You'll miss this really great track by Tears for Fears.

Everyone in the 1980s had a thousand cassette tapes, purchased in bulk from your local music store—mine was called The Pop-In—so you could record songs off the radio or directly from a friend's LP onto a C90. For the under 40s reading this, an LP is a long play album, a vinyl record. You may have seen DJs spinning them in nightclubs. Ha-ha, remember nightclubs? For teenagers reading this, nightclubs were buildings where young horny people used to congregate in great numbers to gyrate, drink alcoholic beverages and shout at each other over the music. Ask your dad. A C90 was a 90-minute cassette tape, by the way, and radio is what they used to call podcasts.

Enough explanations. Cassettes are back, baby! In the first half of 2020, 65,000 cassette albums were sold in the U.K., roughly the same amount as in 2002. And it's not just nostalgia records bought by Gen-Xers. Lady Gaga released her latest album, *Chromatica*, in May 2020, and since then it has sold 12,000 copies on cassette, both as a single tape and a triple pack. Billie Eilish and The 1975 have also shifted shedloads of albums on cassette.

> **My main form of communication with the opposite sex occurred via cassette mixtapes. Noble, but sad.**

Some of this can perhaps be attributed to lockdown mania and the need for distraction through novelty gadgets. I was certainly first in virtual line to buy all those miniature retro games consoles. I have a Super Nintendo Classic Mini, a Commodore 64 and a PlayStation Classic gathering dust in the cupboard, right now. But the rise of cassette tapes may also be linked to the fact we're all sick of the digital world. Twenty-twenty has seen us exhausting all the good options on Netflix, listening to our fave tunes so much on Spotify that we can't bear the sound of them ever again, and closing our web pages because the news is so depressing and, let's face it, fucking boring. Cassettes keep us in the now and force us to engage with the entire album because skipping forward to track seven simply isn't in the cards. It takes forever. You might as well just listen to the album as the artist intended. Chill out and stop being so impatient.

As usual with revivals, lots of people are claiming it's a passing fad, that today's youth will soon tire of cumbersome magnetic tape, especially when it gets eaten by the player and you have to painstakingly wind it back on with a pencil. And yet lots of very cool retro cassette players and knockoff Walkmans are now on sale at big-box stores and electronics outlets the world over, so demand is definitely rising.

Lo-fi sound is making a comeback because it's gritty and fun. Weirdly, in an age of bland digital content, listening to and recording on cassette tape feels edgy. Plus, sending a mixtape to a girl, complete with your own handwritten, hand-drawn inlay card is hot. It's individualistic. It's physical. Damn, it's downright sexy. So slip your cassette into the player by the bed for 90 minutes and hit PLAY.

CREDIT: ISTOCK / PROSTOCK-STUDIO

EXOTICCANCER.COM

TECH

ZODIAC SEX

BY CHRIS FLYNN

LIKE it or not, every time we surf the interwebs, we are data-mined. You can try to keep a lid on your real identity, use a VPN and wear a fake mustache, but it's still possible to build a profile based on your browsing history, cache and propensity for looking at naked ladies. Where this gets interesting is when there's enough data to link sexual preferences to personality types or, in the case of the latest research, astrological signs. So, let's have some fun by matching star signs to the kind of sex you're likely to be into. This is all highly scientific, by the way. Astrology, guys. It's real.

ARIES

You don't mess around, do you? Aries are passionate and aggressive. They don't hold back. No room for romance or foreplay. It's go time. When an Aries says, "Let's fuck," you better be ready to drop those pants and take care of business. I'm dating an Aries because: duh.

TAURUS

Complete opposite to Aries. Taureans like to take their time. They prefer foreplay. Scented candles, coconut oil massages, lingering gazes—all that jazz. Also, they probably like jazz. Whatever works for you, I guess, but see above.

GEMINI

The twins. So guess what? Geminis are into group action or dating multiple partners at once. They like taking risks and require constant stimulation. They can be needy, but if you're willing to satisfy that need, then you're laughing all the way to the money shot. Just remember, you're not the only one in their DMs.

CANCER

Incurable romantics. Dinner at a fancy restaurant, flowers, weekends away, all leading to a heady lovemaking session with flailing '80s hair and a Michael Bolton power ballad playing in the background.

LEO

Leos are control freaks who secretly want to be in a situation they cannot control. They go weak at the knees when imagining a four-on-one scenario, ideally with four Aries guys or gals. This matchmaking shit is easy, bro.

VIRGO

Not exactly what it says on the tin, Virgoans are the sort of people who like to dress in latex and whip someone's testicles. Virgos are inveterate doms. You have been warned.

LIBRA

The scales of justice play their part here. Librans like everything aboveboard and legal. No exploitation. However, they're lawyers, so they like a bit of dirty talk. Tell them what you're going to do and watch them melt. No objection, your Honor.

SCORPIO

Don't bother faking it with a Scorpio. They like to keep it real. The most likely sign to be up for some home movie action, either watching or participating. Scorpios are why Snapchat was invented.

SAGITTARIUS

Poor old Sags. They like to travel the world and go down on you next to the Trevi Fountain. Lockdown is a total boner-killer for Sagittarius because they enjoy nothing more than risky public sex. Zoom orgies just don't cut it.

CAPRICORN

Interesting. Caps are shy, reticent and not that into their own personal pleasure, which makes them perfect submissives. Break out the ropes and tie those Christmas cuties up. A good match for Virgos.

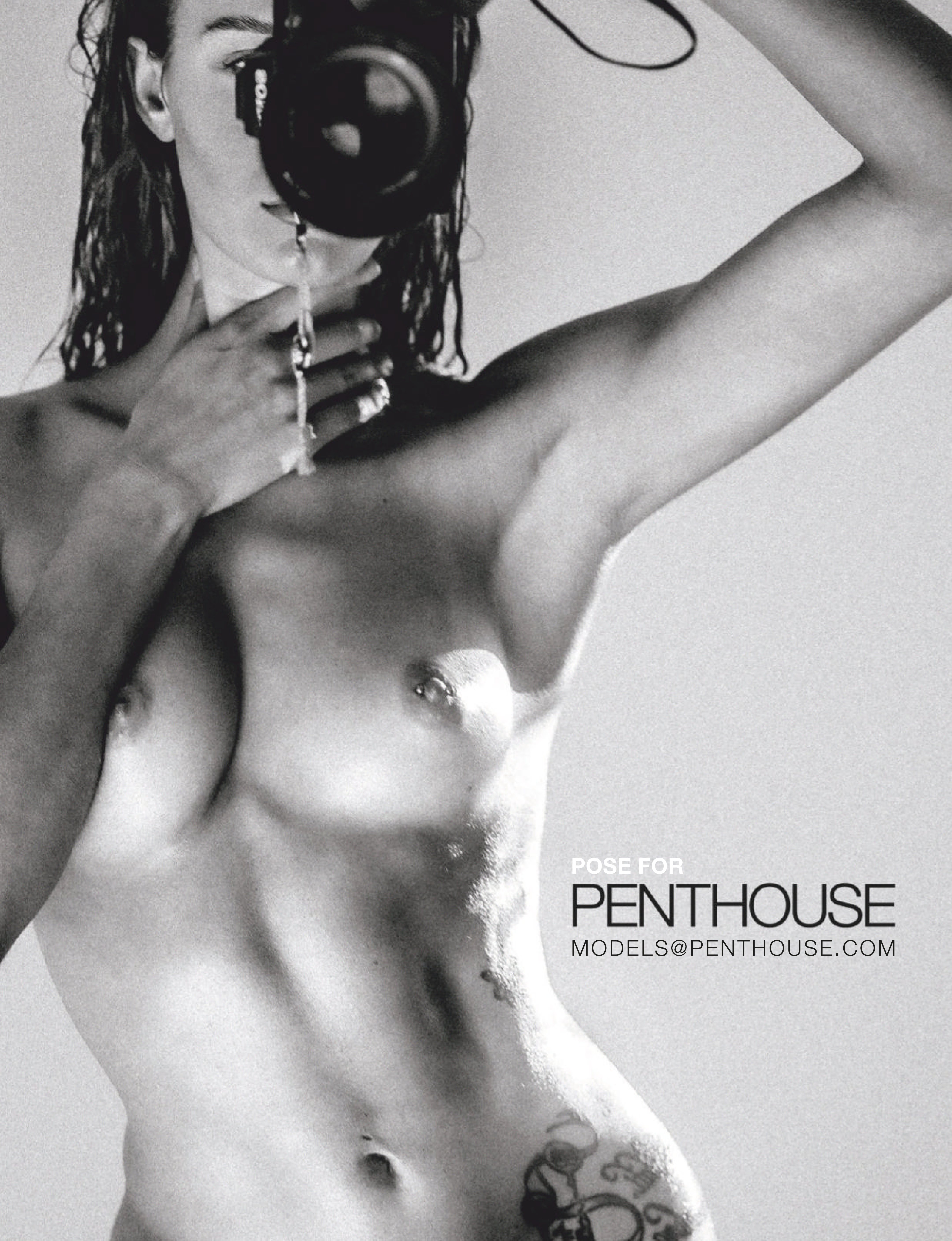
AQUARIUS

Aquarians are really into finding out who you are and what makes you tick. They like to be stimulated mentally, so if you're a smart, lonely dude, hook up with an Aquarius. She will blow your mind and, well, you know the rest.

PISCES

The most creative sign of the Zodiac. Pisceans' favorite thing in the world is to construct elaborate sexual fantasies. In fact, sometimes they prefer fantasy to the real thing. By the time an actual person sits on their face, it's all over. Take it from a seasoned Piscean campaigner. This astrology stuff is so on the money. ●

CREDIT: WWW.EXOTICCANCER.COM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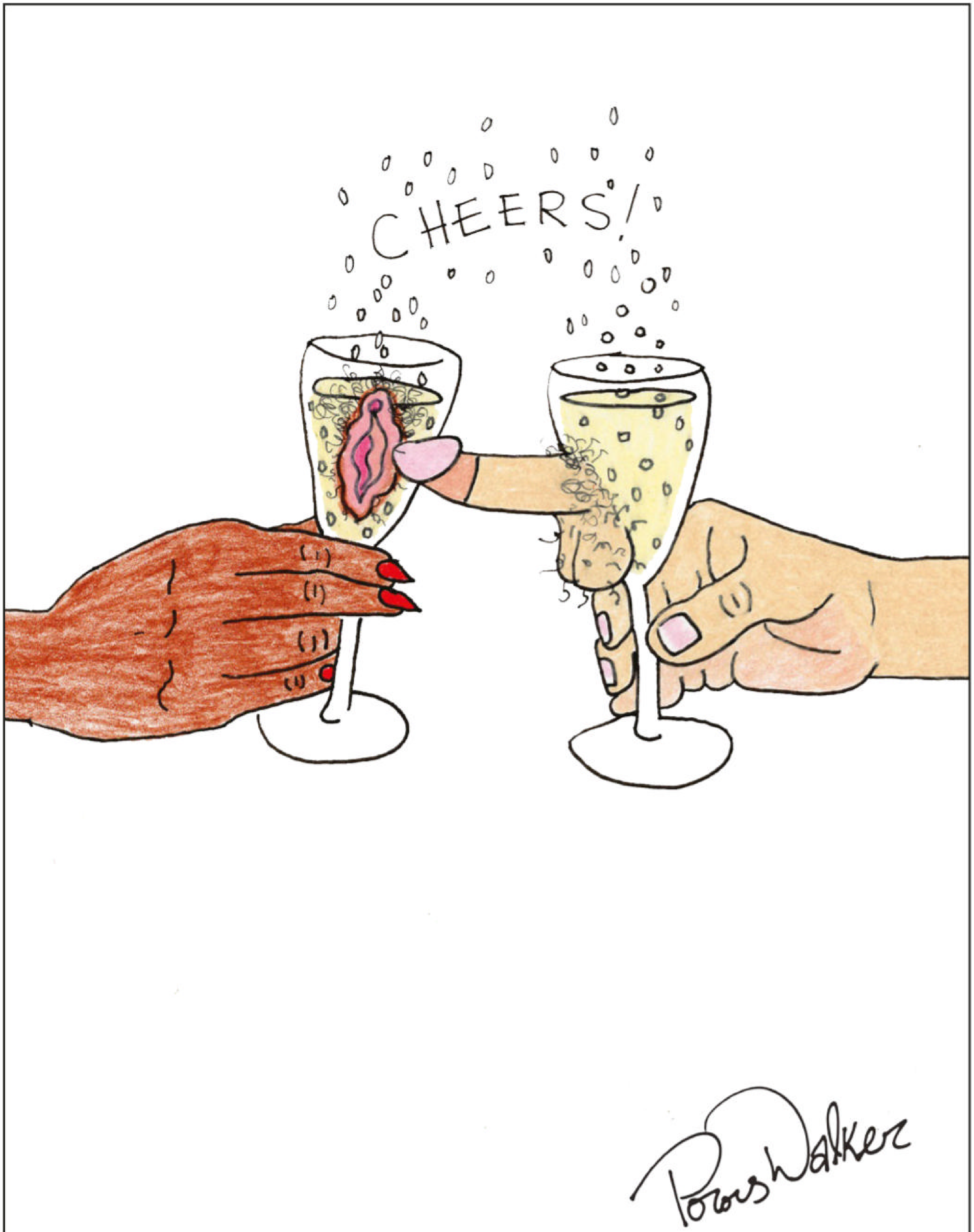
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KOTAKU
UK
2014-2020

GAMING

Game Over for Kotaku UK

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

HAWKING social justice to gamers is like trying to sell meat to a vegan—and that is precisely what games publications are doing, attempting to cater to an audience of woke self-proclaimed crusaders against injustice.

The problem is gamers just want to play games; they have no interest in politics or in seeing social justice injected into their hobby.

Case in point is the closure of the controversy-laden Kotaku U.K., the British arm of the prominent media outlet.

Kotaku U.K. was one of several of the U.K.-based Future Publishing's forays into the online gaming space. Founded in 2014, the publisher picked up localized rights to the Kotaku brand and worked in partnership with its U.S.-based counterparts, with its own writing staff and editorial direction. Unlike the original Kotaku, which also hosts some social justice-oriented articles, the U.K. version was prominent in its promotion of progressive political activism.

While it would be irresponsible to pin the blame entirely on certain writers, the site attained no shortage of infamy when it made routine accusations of "transphobia" about games like *Cyberpunk 2077*, *Persona 5* and *Catherine*—among many other transgressors.

For most, the site's closure came as no surprise. The news was overwhelmingly met with celebration on social media. Nothing of value was lost—and gamers found nothing they liked about Kotaku U.K.

Various writers hired for Kotaku U.K. were employed purely for nepotistic reasons rather than for their talents. They used the platform to push their politics down the throats of unassuming readers, who by and large visit the site to find news and information about the games they enjoy.

As Kotaku U.K. was part of a larger organization, it was seemingly used as a stepping-stone for writers to push their agenda and garner internet clout by writing inflammatory articles. Following the inevitable backlash of negative feedback for their opinions, these level nine nonbinary woke druids would become outraged and claim to be victims of an "Alt-Right Gamer" conspiracy, a narrative they have pushed endlessly in the media to demonize anyone who disagrees with them.

For game creators who refuse to conform to the woke agenda, the choice seemed to be either shut up or lose your business. You and your company will be at the mercy of game critics who write article after article, thread after thread on the internet about how toxic your game is. Like a racket, that was how Kotaku U.K. operated, and that's how many other gaming sites operate today.

In reality, the choice is actually simple—ignore them. As these journalists and their ilk are not the ones driving profit for your company. They're not the ones buying games. They're not the ones even playing them.

The truth is woke game journalists are full of wind and bluster, signifying nothing. They don't have the influence they claim to have, just a platform that's constantly derided and mocked by the gaming community. Their supposed clout in the industry wasn't even enough to keep the lights on at Kotaku U.K.

The opinions of game journalists, unpopular as they are, are constantly highly ratioed on social media. Most engagement they receive is negative. It's a regular sight to witness on social media as droves of people work to challenge their harmful and unfounded clickbait assertions, only for the writers to avoid scrutiny altogether and privatize their accounts, while they wait for the embers of the fire they caused to cool down.

As for the publishers themselves, in order for them to garner trust again with their readers, they should go back to the roots of what made them successful to start with and write articles without an agenda and do some actual reporting on the games themselves.

CREDIT: CAPTURED FROM PS4 PRO / GAVIN MORRISON

The Fight of the Century

BY ROB PEGLEY

"WE'RE not just here to take part. We're here to take over."

Conor McGregor was talking about himself and the Irish nation he represents, after an emotional victory in the octagon back in 2014. But he could well have been talking about the sport he long competed in.

In less than three decades, the UFC has gone from being perceived as a bloodbath freak show, to a highly popular sport with a regular global TV audience. Of the ten highest pay-per-view audiences of all time, there are already three UFC contests—two involving McGregor. While boxing still leads the way, it is worth noting three of those ten are Mike Tyson fights from back in the day. The recent Khabib Nurmagomedov versus McGregor fight is ranked third of all time, with only Floyd Mayweather versus Manny Pacquiao ahead of it as a pure boxing title fight.

At No. 2 is Mayweather and McGregor, when the two richest fighters in their respective sports met on Mayweather's terms. If McGregor was to rematch with either Mayweather or Nurmagomedov, then a new record might be set.

McGregor has taken UFC to a new level. But Dana White is the man who gave him the platform and has set up the sport for success.

It's as if White brought a communist ethic to boxing when he reimagined the UFC. No more maverick promoters, individual fiefdoms, breakaway organizations and economic divide. Just one dictator, largely working for the greater good—as well as himself.

Yes, you can still make far more money as a top boxer. Heavyweights Tyson Fury, Anthony Joshua and Deontay Wilder all earned as much as McGregor, if not more in 2019—with far less fanfare. But the fighters on the undercards of UFC make more than journeyman boxers.

There is also only one organization in the UFC and one main promoter, and the events are organized and regular. Boxing tends to feel sporadic and random—big when a fight is being promoted, but you're never sure when that's happening next.

Dana just decides to get it on for the good of the sport and, of course, himself and his fighters. Eddie Hearn, Frank Warren, Al Haymon, Bob Arum, Don King, et al., shadowbox in business for their own ends.

Boxing is also more confusing than ever to the average gambler when it comes to who is the best.

In boxing, there is the WBC, WBO, WBA and IBF. Only dedicated boxing fans could tell you which is the most important. Throw in 17 weight divisions for the boxers, and that's a hell of a lot of world champions. In the prized middleweight division, there are currently four different titleholders.

Watching Fury beat Wilder for the heavyweight title was exciting, but he's only got one of the belts. He needs to fight Joshua for a couple of the others. Again, the promoters will decide if and when that happens.

UFC has eight weight divisions and eight champions—nine if you count Justin Gaethje, who has Nurmagomedov's lightweight belt on an interim basis. It's regular and pragmatic. More of a democratic feel to it, despite Dana the Despot.

There are even famous women in UFC. Most sports fans have heard of Ronda Rousey but would struggle to name a female boxer. Muhammed Ali's daughter Laila doesn't count.

The only thing UFC truly lacks is a longer-term narrative, with drama and characters.

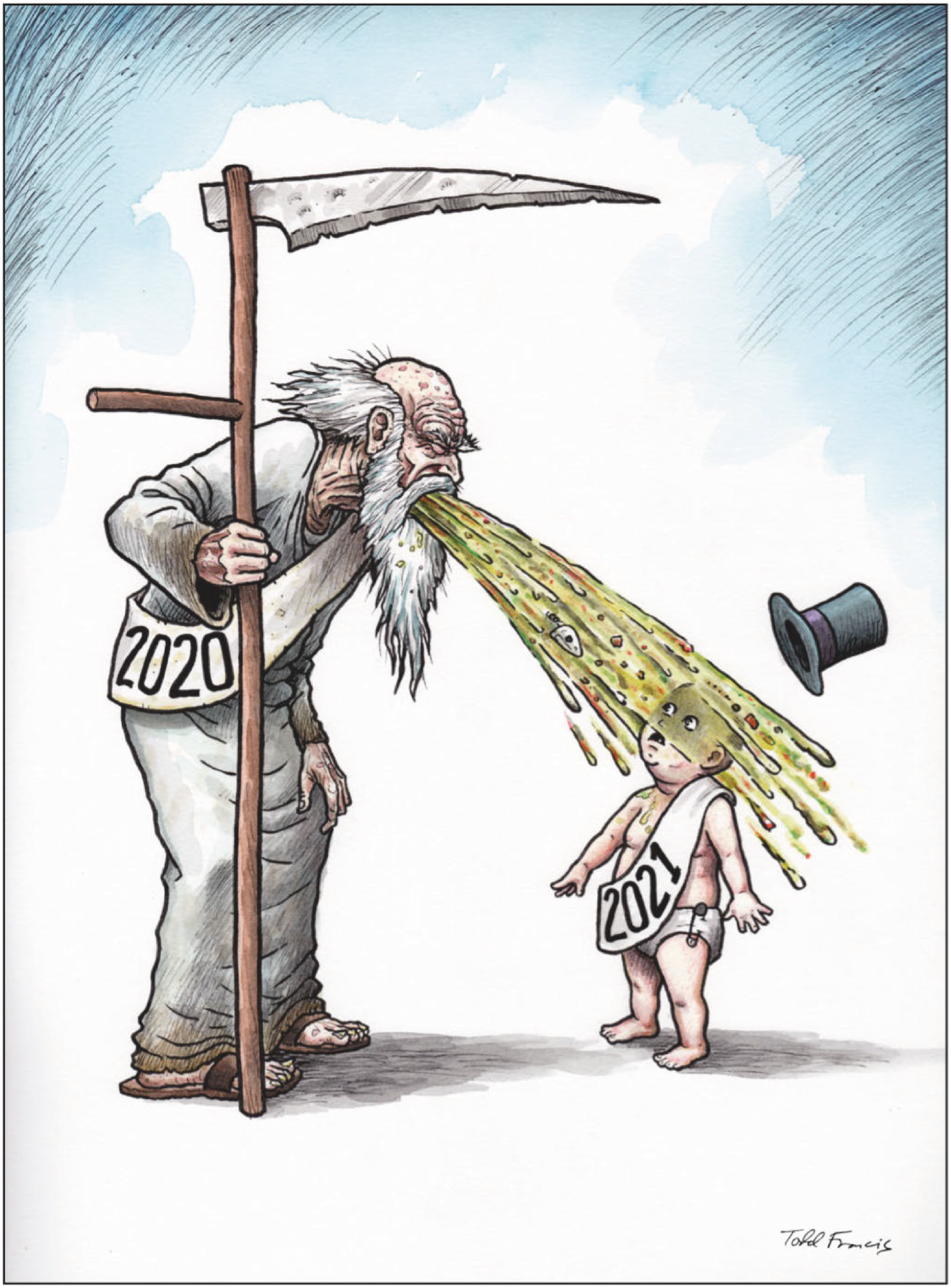
Boxing has a legacy—from Tyson to Rocky Marciano and the middleweights of the '80s, Thomas Hearns, Larry Hagler, Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Durán, Oscar De La Hoya. Characters like King. Legendary stories like the Rumble in the Jungle. Even fictional heroes in the form of Rocky and Creed.

That will come for UFC, though. In relative terms, it's a baby. The man in the street knows McGregor. He might know Nurmagomedov, the ferocious Russian grappler undefeated in 28 fights. But he probably couldn't name Jon Jones or Georges St-Pierre unless he was a UFC fan. Even Aussies might not know they have a world champ at featherweight in the form of Alexander Volkanovski.

You can be sure, though, that UFC is coming for boxing, quicker than the right hand McGregor used to drop José Aldo.

"I'm the fucking future," said McGregor when he was still a fresh-faced Dubliner, fighting for a few quid. Again, he could have been talking about his sport, as much as himself.

CREDIT: CHRIS UNGER / GETTY


2020
2021
Todd Francis

FILM

THE MORE THE MERRIER: POLY LOVE ON THE BIG AND SMALL SCREEN

BY PAUL DALGARNO

CREDIT: COMEDY CENTRAL

SEX doesn't have to take a central role in screen depictions of polyamory and non-monogamy, but, as in real life, it certainly makes things more interesting. And given an estimated 20 percent of people have tried some form of ethical non-monogamy, around 70 percent have had an affair, and the rest of us are too scared to admit it, it's no surprise multiperson romantic entanglements are becoming—albeit slowly—fodder for TV and filmmakers.

In a few short years, we've gone from the "Mormons only" polygamy storyline of *Big Love*, to the offhanded and non-defining non-monogamy of Ilana Glazer in *Broad City*. Refreshingly, Ilana isn't a unicorn—a lover who falls into a relationship with an established couple in just the way that couple would want and is named after a mythical creature for good reason.

Izzy, in *You Me Her*, billed as TV's "first polyromantic comedy" is one such creature. In falling hard for suburban Portland couple Jack and Emma, she allows ample space for the show's writers to examine everything about coming out—to friends, neighbors and colleagues who just can't understand why the loved-up "throuple" has lost its collective mind. Which is to say, the monogamy narrative in TV land and elsewhere remains the default, with queer, non-monogamous, asexual relationships being the stuff of the increasingly accepted (thanks, world!) "other."

In *Unicornland*—an eight-part webseries about divorcée Annie—the established straight and lesbian couples are clearly the dysfunctional ones, having squabbles in her presence over how to tie bondage ropes and, incredibly awkwardly, describing unicorn Annie as a rarefied being who "deigns to bestow her presence on mortals."

In *Compersion*—another superbly cast webseries crying out for a big-budget adaptation—a married couple with children navigate the tricky terrain of one partner wanting more than the other can give, starting with the daunting first step: "I wanna try polyamory ... It's something like, 'You're my husband, but I can have a boyfriend, too.'"

Ramping up the drama and steering clear of unicorns, *Wanderlust* follows parents Joy and Alan, who, beset by unresolved issues, open up their marriage, only to realize N+1 isn't necessarily the magic formula they were hoping for.

On the big screen, Woody Allen's 2008 film, *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*, remains something of a standard-bearer for straight male, non-monogamous fantasy thinking: two beautiful American women fall for an archetypical Latin lover, Juan Antonio, who remains in love with his gorgeous but unstable ex-wife, María Elena. Wouldn't that be nice, men? (This is definitely not going to be your experience.)

Unicorns, meanwhile, enjoy a rare big-screen outing in the 2017 bio-drama *Professor Marston and the Wonder Women*, in the shape of Wonder Woman creator William Marston and his—and wife Elizabeth's—polyamorous life partner, Olive Byrne.

It's maybe not surprising that otherwise heteronormative male-female couples with an impossibly compliant sex-kitten love interest have dominated in the first wave of non-monogamous TV and film, and that webseries and outlier free-to-air comedies such as *Threesome*—with its two-men, one-woman triad—are still notable exceptions. It's almost as if too much "weirdness" would blow our tiny minds.

Refreshingly, Ilana isn't a unicorn—a lover who falls into a relationship with an established couple.

But 2018's *Bohemian Rhapsody*—for all its mixed reviews and rightful outrage at the near-erasure of Freddie Mercury's queerness—does offer, very quietly, one of many polyamorous dynamics that deserves more screen attention, in the character of Mary Austin, who Mercury referred to as his "common-law wife." In the film, as in reality, she exists not to the exclusion of other partners, but as a cherished source of mutual affection—the love, as the song goes, of Mercury's life.

HEAVEN ON EARTH

ANGEL SWEETY

PHOTOGRAPHER
SEBASTIAN JIMENEZ
@SEBASJIMENEZPH

Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein

SINFULLY gorgeous Angel Sweety hails from the beautiful country of Colombia. With a luscious pout and a killer bod, it's easy to see how this curvy cam girl has earned a devoted following—and the coveted title of Penthouse Cyber Cutie! One look at the 27-year-old stunner's heavenly photos had us on cloud nine. But as one online admirer wrote, "Don't be fooled by her innocent-looking face—she's 100 percent naughty!"

What is your hometown?
The city of Medellín in Colombia. It's called the "City of Eternal Spring" because of its pleasant weather.

How did you get started in the cam business?
I was actually introduced to the world of camming through a close friend. It caught my attention right away because I saw so many beautiful and exotic women, and I thought it would be a good way for me to develop myself as a woman and to be able to interact with people from all over the world.

What do you like most about the work?
What I like most about this job is that I have the freedom to express myself and to interact with so many amazing people that I would've probably never had the chance to meet. I get to show who I am, while providing my fans with satisfaction and meeting their needs.

What's your most memorable cam performance?
I have had so many memorable experiences as a cam model, to be honest. But one of my favorites was when one of my fans asked me to relax with him and watch a movie together. He wanted to express his feelings for me through the message of the movie. It was very sweet and unexpected and one of my favorite private shows I've ever done.

TWITTER: **@AngelSweetyf4f**
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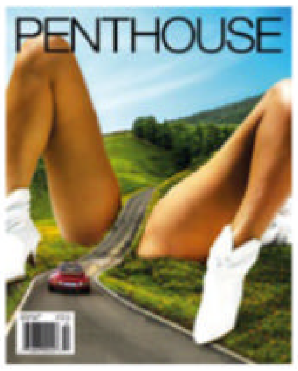

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MADE IN THE SHADE

PHOTOGRAPHER

CAMERON DAVIS

CAM Davis is an L.A.-based photographer and cinematographer who's been shooting since he was 18 years old. He's snapped beautiful women all over the world, and his sensual, cinematic images have graced the pages of numerous magazines.

"I've always been drawn to shooting nudes because I appreciate their complexity," he says. "I know people out there will disagree when I say nudes are complex. But to me, the challenge of creating a mood, a narrative, a feeling from nothing but this person's energy was the most fascinating thing to me."

Unlike in fashion shoots where models are given props and clothes to work with, Cam says, "When you are shooting someone naked, the question you have to ask yourself as a photographer is how can I elevate this?"

On the topic of muses, Cam admits, "I've had plenty of muses—every model I've ever shot is my muse. Otherwise, I wouldn't have wanted to work with them. I love working with my muses over and over again because I feel like the creative energy between us never goes away."

Like many photographers on Instagram, censorship is the bane of Cam's existence. In response to his growing frustrations over having his work deleted by the platform, Cam founded the Admiral Club, a paywalled Patreon account, to create a censorship-free online space to feature his photography.

"I hate censorship, and its stupid taboos. Not only does it take away from the natural beauty of images, but forced censorship never allows society to confront its inhibitions around why we are censoring something in the first place," he explains.

"I launched the Admiral Club because I wanted people to be able to see my work as I shot it and intended it to be seen."

Cam says his biggest photography challenge was learning to trust his own vision.

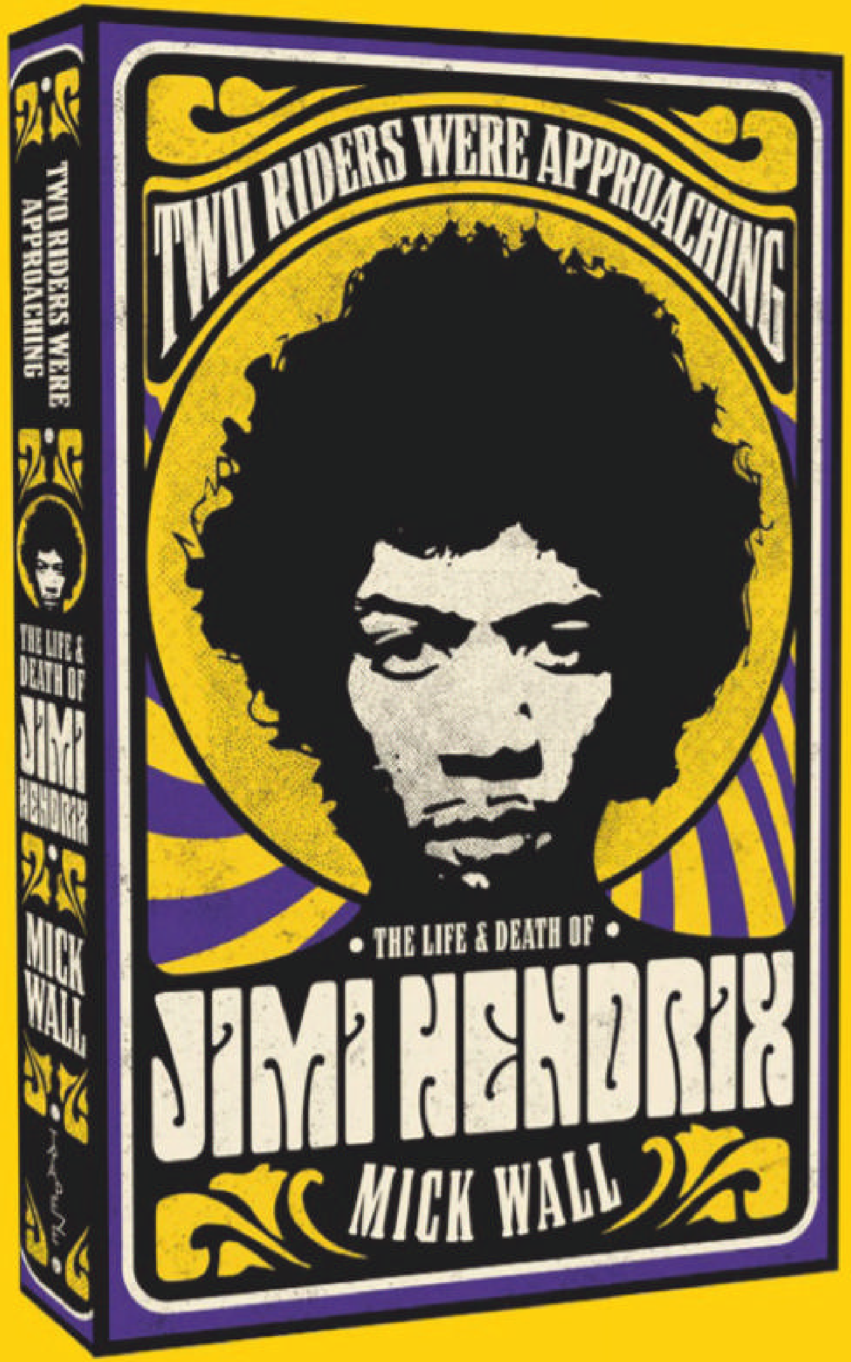
"I try to live by Andy Warhol's quote," he says. "Don't think about making art, just get it done. Let everyone else decide if it's good or bad, whether they love it or hate it. And while they are deciding, make even more art."

INSTAGRAM: **@camsjournal**

Til Death Do Us Part

‘Give Wall an assignment
and you never quite know what kind of
story he will deliver. Except that it will be
enthralling, entertaining and scurrilous as hell.’

CLASSIC ROCK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JIMI HENDRIX
MICK WALL

hachette

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RUBICON
Jeep

THE NEW FRONTIER

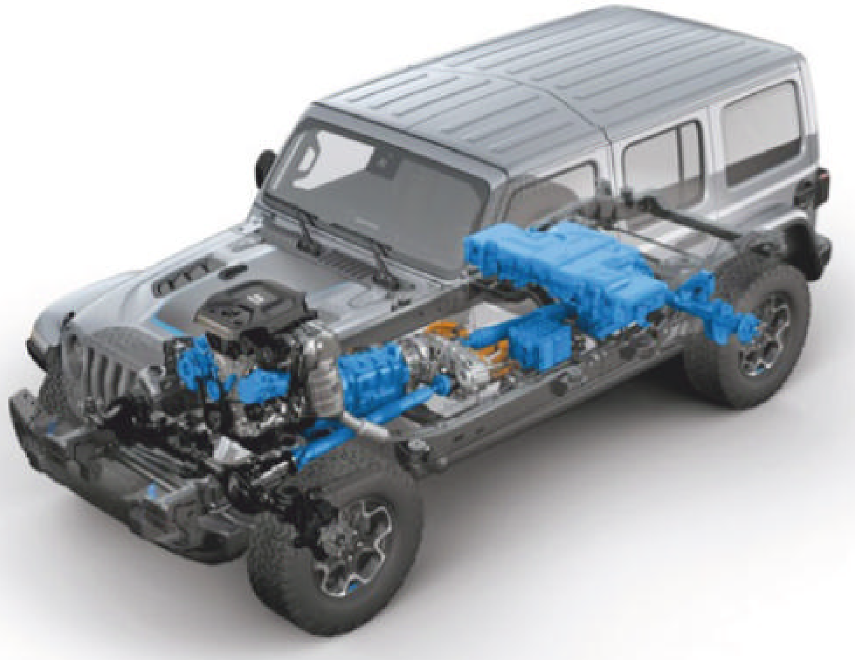
A NEW YEAR IS HERE, AND WITH IT SHOULD COME YOUR PLAN TO INVEST IN THE BEST. TRENDS MAY COME AND GO, BUT QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE. THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN LIFE A MAN SHOULD ALWAYS SPEND A BIT MORE ON. FROM THE NEW INNOVATIVE JEEP WRANGLER RUBICON, WHICH HAS RAISED THE BAR FOR 4X4S, TO THE SCULPTED SOUNDS OF THE STYLISH PANTHEONE 360-DEGREE BOOM BOX, PLUS ADVICE FROM LADIES ABOUT WHAT TURNS THEM ON, PENTHOUSE WILL ENSURE YOU MAKE SMART DECISIONS THAT WILL SERVE YOU FOR YEARS TO COME.

JEEPS AND BOUNDS

THE MOST TECHNICALLY ADVANCED AND ECO-FRIENDLY WRANGLER EVER

JEEP is making good on its promise to bring the most innovative, environmentally friendly SUVs to market with the introduction of an electrified model of one of its most iconic nameplates. After already having introduced a plug-in Jeep Renegade and Compass, the unveiling of the new Wrangler 4xe Rubicon at last year's Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas was another milestone in the legendary marque's hybrid-filled vision for the future. The 4xe is powered by Fiat Chrysler's latest development in the hybrid-energy tech space: an advanced powertrain that integrates two electric motors and a 400-volt battery pack with a fuel-efficient, turbocharged, four-cylinder engine and TorqueFlite eight-speed automatic transmission. Touted to give 25 miles of pure electric juice before the engine kicks in, the Wrangler's hybrid powertrain provides daily commuters with a silent, emission-free ride, as well as fully integrated, precision off-road capability sure to make even the most militant four-wheel-drive purists a bit weak in the knees. Along with its electrified stablemates, the new plug-in Wrangler will wear the 4xe badge, a nod to the legacy automaker's four-wheel-drive pedigree and newly acquired powertrain tech. Expect to see them treading silently and lightly on our shores in early 2021.

PHOTOGRAPHY: JEEP.COM



ELECTRIFIED WRANGLER

Utilizing Jeep's two-liter eTorque turbocharged gas engine, the Wrangler 4xe uses an electric motor in between the engine and transmission to create a hybrid drivetrain.

SCULPTED SOUNDS

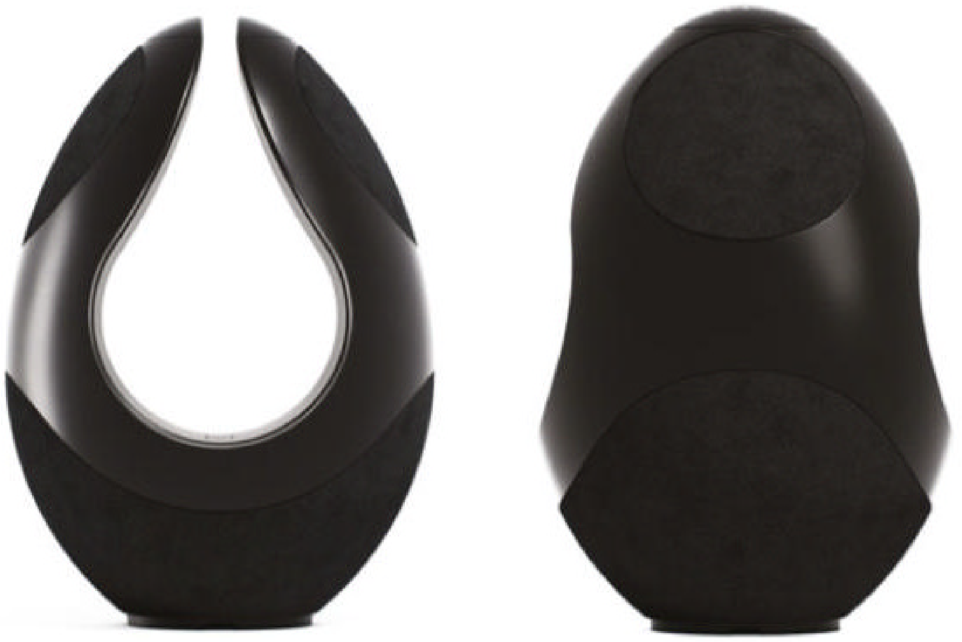
THE PANTHEONE I HOME SPEAKER IS NOT ONLY AN AUDIOPHILE'S DREAM—IT LOOKS DAMNED FINE, TOO

MUSIC has never been more accessible than it is today. Whether your preference is Spotify, Tidal or iTunes, playlists are literally waiting at the touch of a button. But even though we have access to these infinite sounds, very few of us play them on worthy speakers at home.

Installing a big home sound system can be a complex ball ache, with endless cables and mini speakers requiring the help of a technical genius to install. And the end results only serve to make your living space resemble a small Berlin nightclub, which isn't ideal for your interiors. But that is all set to change—thanks to the team behind Pantheone.

The Pantheone I home speaker is a 360-degree boom box that will give your home studio-level sound. Its all-in-one design features powerful internal subwoofers, two hi-fi midrange drivers and four tweeters for unbelievable clarity. This means that whether you're winding down with a bit of post-work chillout or ramping up the volume for a house party, you'll be able to set the tone with ease.

And it's not only the sound that is striking about the Pantheone I—it's also stylish and wonderfully minimalist as an object. This means that it looks fantastic even when it's not pumping out tracks—tailor-made to sit alongside well-designed, modern interiors.



SPECS

WEIGHT: 25kg
DIMENSIONS: 653 X 460 X 437 mm
DRIVE UNITS:
Subwoofer: 2 X 6.5′ high excursion design
Midrange: 2 X 4″ coated paper cone
Tweeter: 4 x 0.75″ silk dome
STREAMING SERVICES:
Spotify Connect, Amazon Music, AirPlay, Tidal, TuneIn, DLNA, APE, FLAC, WAV, Apple Lossless Audio Format (ALAC), AAC, AAC-LC, HE-AAC v2, MP3
CONNECTIVITY:
Aux input: 1 x mini jack
Network: 1 x Ethernet 10/100M RJ45
Multiroom: Maximum rooms 8
App: iOS & Android

BODY TALK

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP FOR NOT STICKING TO THAT 'ONE HOUR A DAY' QUARANTINE WORKOUT PLAN. NONE OF US DID

Good intentions dropped off a cliff pretty early on into lockdown—with the tantalizing appeal of an evening on the couch watching re-runs of *The Office* outweighing even the best of intentions on the exercise front. If you're now facing down the return to work with panicked feelings of needing to make up lost time, just remember that results can come about quickly—you just need to be consistent.

fitness blender.com

#W(O)FH

New products have revolutionized the world of at-home fitness, but if you're not ready to invest in pricey equipment, these free YouTube classes are a safe bet.

- **Fitness Blender:** With 6 million subscribers, videos range from endurance training to short-stint HIIT classes.
- **#MattDoesFitness:** A bodybuilding channel with a focus on how diet impacts how you build muscle.
- **The Lean Machines:** Two personal trainers and friends cover everything from 12-minute ab workouts to weekly meal plans.

1

2

CALVIN KLEIN PERFORMANCE

3

1. SHIRT BY ON, $110 AT ON / 2. TRAINING SHORTS BY CALVIN KLEIN, $57 AT CALVIN KLEIN / 3. TRAINERS BY VEJA, $225 AT VEJA

FROM THE INSIDE OUT…

SLUGGISH, UNMOTIVATED AND OVERWHELMED? YOU'RE NOT ALONE.
WE PRESENT: A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO GETTING THINGS BACK ON TRACK

IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER… MEDITATION

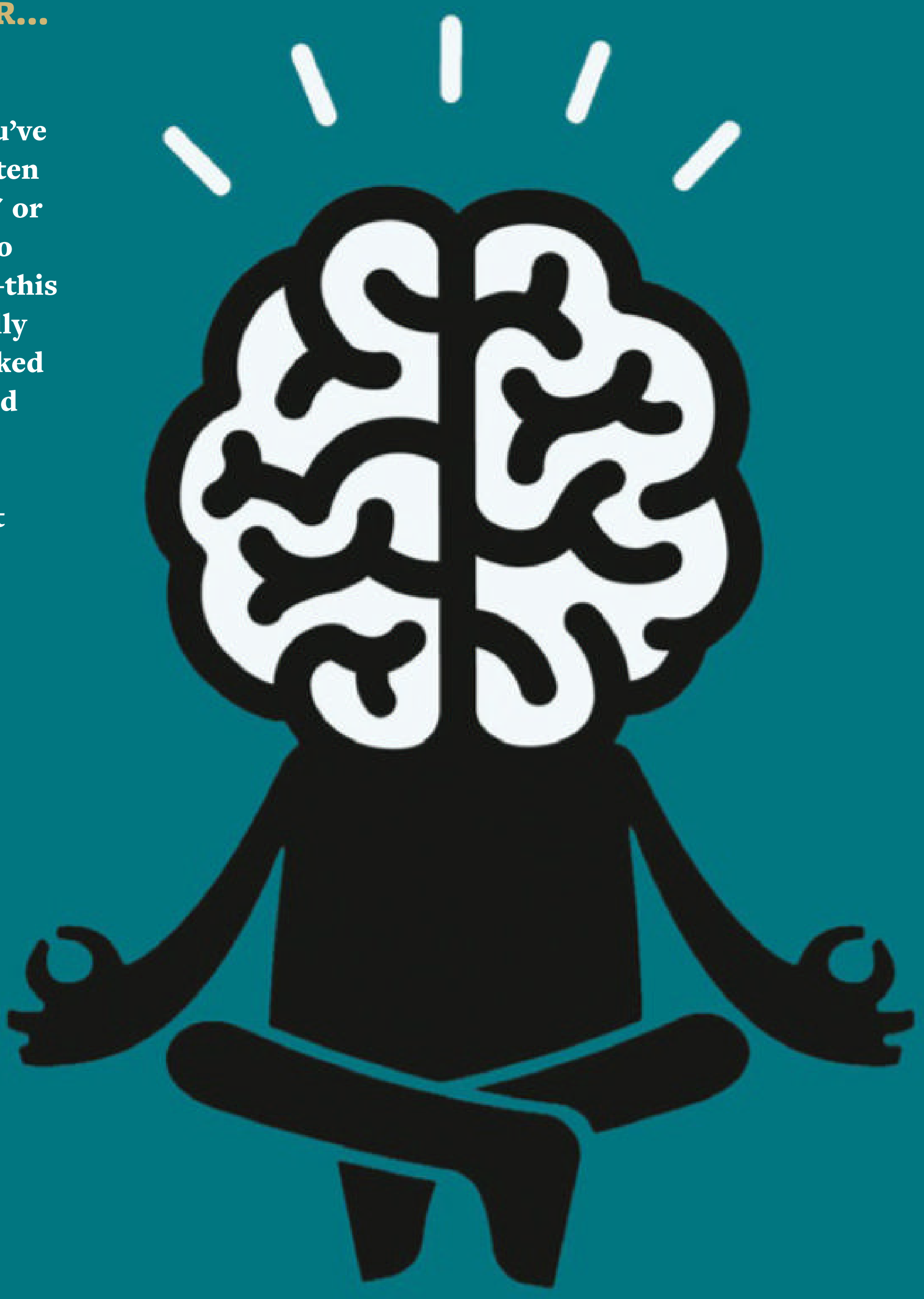
Yeah, yeah, yeah—we know you've heard it all before. You′ve written off meditation as ″not for you″ or ″not your thing.″ But there's no shame in admitting this time—this terrifying, weird, strange, totally unprecedented time—has freaked you out a little. Breathwork and meditation have helped men combat anxiety and stress for centuries. Why not just see if it works for you?

APPS TO TRY:

- **HEADPSACE**
- **WAKING UP**
- **CALM**
- **AURA**
- **BREETHE**

VITAMIN WATCH

FEELING FATIGUED?
Try: Magnesium, iron and zinc
FEELING ANXIOUS?
Try: Licorice root, omega-3 and a probiotic
FEELING AGITATED?
Try: Chamomile, St. John's Wort, valerian



HEADSPACE WAKING UP CALM AURA BREETHE

A MAN WALKS INTO A BAR...

WOMEN GIVE THEIR HONEST OPINIONS ON WHAT TURNS THEM ON (AND OFF) ABOUT A MAN UPON SEEING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME

- "The one thing I look straight at when a guy walks into the room is his face, so grooming is important. Facial hair is fine (if anything, it's encouraged!) but it should be properly maintained." – **Emily, 23**

- "Whether or not the gentleman has seen the inside of a barber shop this year. The second is probably his shirt; does it have an obnoxious slogan on it (a massive no-no)? Is it well ironed? Does it fit well? – **Maddy, 25**

- "One of the little things I'll notice about a guy's appearance is his fingernails. A small detail that says a lot about a man's grooming habits." – **Kate, 25**

- "I personally think you can tell a lot about a man from the way he styles (or doesn't style) his hair. For me, I'm instantly attracted to short, lightly styled hair as it shows he respects his appearance but also isn't swayed by fleeting trends (no top knot, thanks!)." – **Gen, 26**

- "I definitely notice their confidence. If they aren't holding themselves with pride then I know they won't be looking for an equally strong woman ... I like a challenge!"– **Alice, 31**

- "I notice someone who's laughing, who's having a good time, who feels comfortable in their own skin. There's nothing worse than someone who walks in and looks scared and intimidated." – **Ally, 24**

- "I think a great pair of shoes says a lot about a guy. Battered-up sneakers or those super-shiny cheap dress shoes you've had since your high school prom screams immaturity to me. Men would be shocked by how many women clock their shoes the minute they walk into a room." – **Claire, 29**

- "The first thing I notice is their style, whether it's smart, unique, eccentric or casual ... Or if they have no style at all." – **Megan, 31**

- "The first thing I notice about a guy is how he holds himself. If his posture is upright and his head is tilted upright and forward, I think he looks more confident and I find that attractive. If his shoulders are hunched and he looks down a lot instead of straight ahead, I find that it shows a lack of confidence." – **Alex, 22**

- "What he's wearing. A man's sense of style says a lot about his personality." – **Lydia, 28**

FEAROFGODZENGA

THIS IS TWENTY-TWENTY'S COOLEST FASHION COLLAB

WHEN opposite sides of the fashion world collide, the results can often be a swing and a miss, a kind of mismatch of sorts that caters to neither element of the customer base. But when Italian luxury giant Ermenegildo Zegna announced a collab with Jerry Lorenzo's Fear of God streetwear brand, ears around the globe suddenly pricked up.

Although on different sides of the fashion pyramid, Lorenzo and Zenga's artistic director, Alessandro Sartori, share many of the same values. For example, both follow the design gospel of our times, unique craftsmanship and hybrid fashion fitting.

This collection is firmly aimed at the modern man who has an eye for luxury. Simply named FEAROFGODZENGA, it features a range of sublime pieces that are minimal yet eye-catching, made from only the best fabrics.

The 100 percent Cotton Shirt is a particularly attention-grabbing piece, an '80s-inspired design with detachable shoulder pads that offer an imposing silhouette.

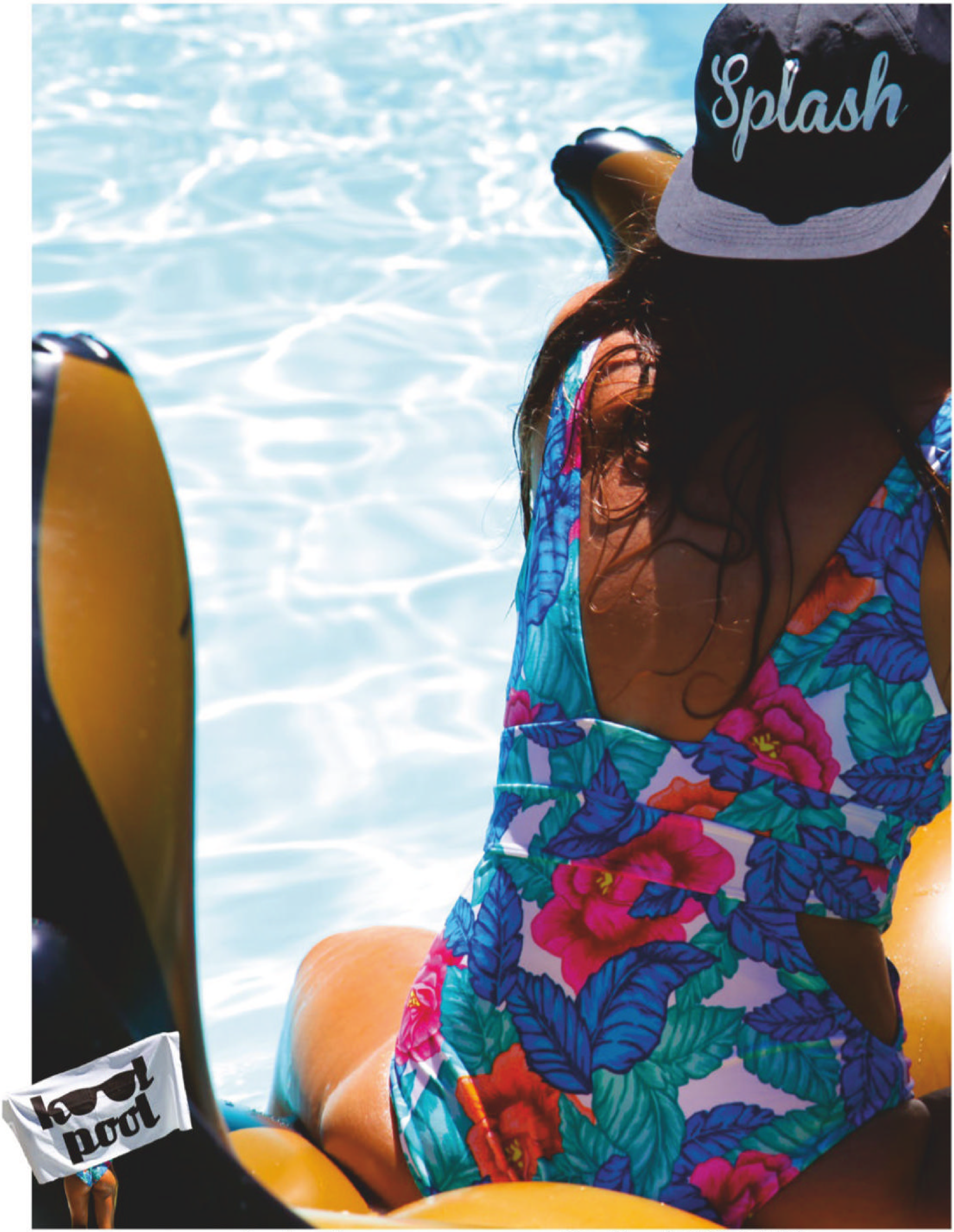
The Wool Trenchcoat is also another standout design, with its sleek and streamlined cut. It's also 100 percent natural and features a classic shirt collar.

Lorenzo also brings his expert knowledge in producing high-end sneakers to the table. The casual yet elegant Suede Shoe is impeccable, with its monochromatic laces and cream rubber sole made for total comfort and style.

The collection might only be available in exclusive locations, in ten lucky boutiques across the States, Europe and Asia, but it is certainly one of the year's standouts.

Alessandro and Jerry

CREDIT: IMAGES COURTESY OF ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA X FEAR OF GOD


Splash
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Portland, OR USA

THE SECRET ESCAPE

KINDLY MYERS

PHOTOGRAPHER
DEWAYNE JONES
@INTERSCOPEPHOTOGRAPHY

PENTHOUSE PENTHOUSE
PENTHOUSE PENTHOUSE

SELF-PROCLAIMED “Professional Smokeshow” Kindly Myers caught our attention with her dazzling personality and taste for adventure. We couldn’t resist tagging along on her recent trip to Cancun, while shadowing photographer Dewayne Jones (@interscopephotography).

A fitness enthusiast, Kindly’s social media is filled with shots of her perfectly toned body. Just one look at her photos from all over the world is enough to stir a sense of lust—both wander and otherwise—within her audience that amounts to several million followers.

FAST FACTS

- From Bowling Green, Ky.
- Lives in Nashville, Tenn.
- Measurements are 34-26-35
- Served in the Army National Guard for four years
- Loves animals
- Loves to travel
- University of Kentucky (“Big Blue Nation”) superfan

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STAY PUFT

DRAWN TO SUCCESS: THE ROBERT SAMMELIN WAY

WE TALK TO SWEDISH SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST ROBERT SAMMELIN ABOUT HOW HE TURNED A PASSION INTO A CAREER THAT HAS SEEN HIS ART IN THE HANDS OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD.

BY AMIE WEE

ROBERT Sammelin's illustrations are an ode to exploitation horror posters, weapons, video games and shapely women who look like they could survive an apocalypse. The self-taught concept artist, illustrator, graphic designer and comic creator from Sweden has worked for Apple, Nike, *The New York Times*, Rob Zombie, *Esquire*, *Entertainment Weekly* and Dark Horse Comics, and designed the branding art for the popular Battlefield video games.

Where did you grow up?
I grew up in Kiruna, a mining town in the absolute north of Sweden, well above the Arctic Circle, where it's near perpetually dark for the eight months of winter and conversely there's around-the-clock sunlight during summer. I moved to Stockholm at 20, where I've remained for 22 years with my wife and son.

What's your artistic background?
For as long as I can remember, I've enjoyed drawing and making up stories. I'm self-taught, so what I've missed out in formal training I've gained a shorthand, or rather feeling, for how to depict things and convey what's in my head.

I still don't know much about anatomy, color theory or drawing structure, and I rather enjoy that. I let curiosity guide me and make up my own way of doing things.

Before I made art a career at 27, making video game concept art, I must've had ten or 12 different jobs; ranging from IT consultant and records store clerk to subway train driver.

In the end, only drawing the odd freelance gig on evenings and weekends had me feeling down, and my wife insisted I quit my job and give illustration a proper go.

I spent two weeks drawing a wide range of things for a portfolio and landed my first video game work within a month, and I've remained in the industry since, currently at Embark Studios as a Concept Art Director.

How did you develop your signature style?
I had surgery done to my drawing hand wrist due to a ganglion [cyst] which permanently limited its flexibility, just as I had started my first job doing concept art. Working digitally, as you do in concept art, wasn't an issue thankfully, but I found that my favorite pastime of drawing in ink with pen on paper was limiting and cumbersome, so I started using a brush instead.

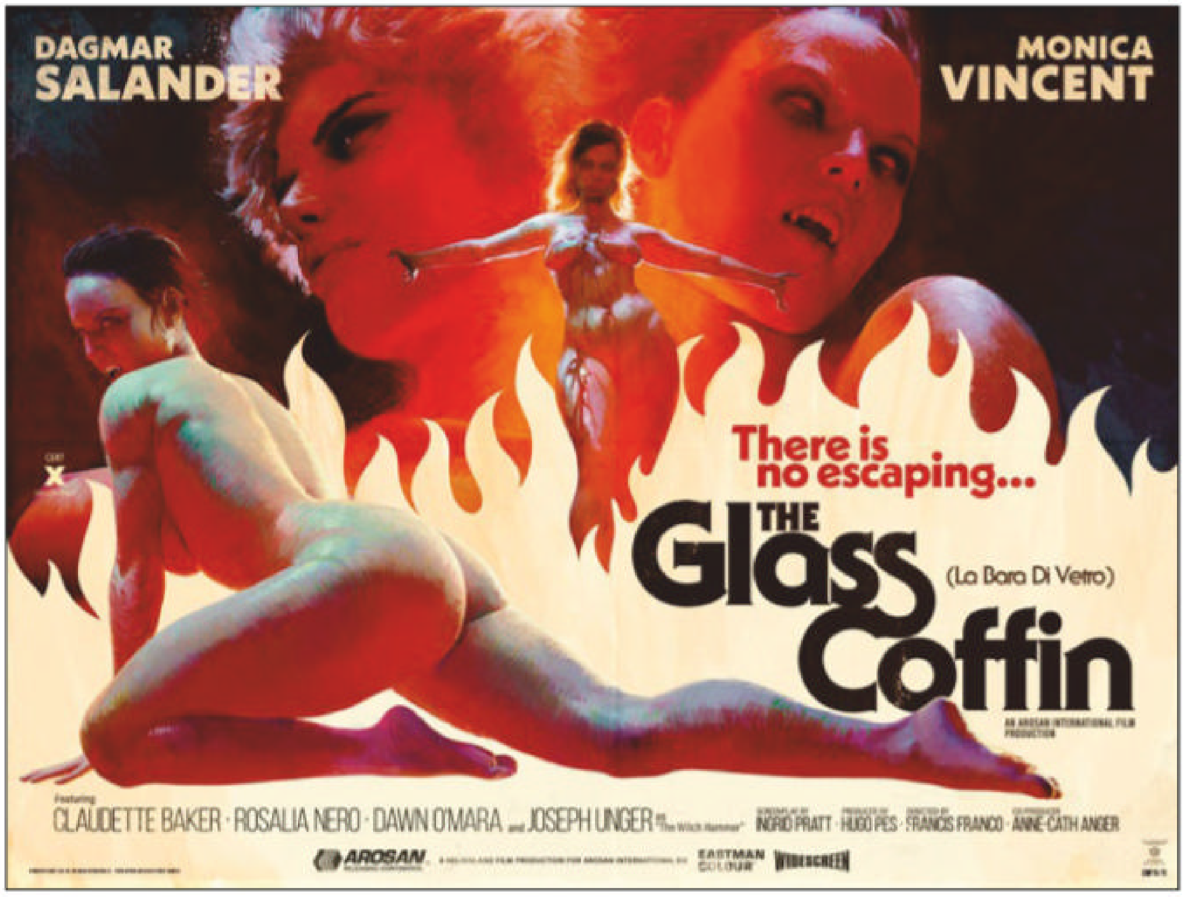
Brushes have flexibility and allow for flowing varied lines that I could easily do without much wristwork and made me adopt a line economy, eliminating a lot of fine detail work. I found that flat and subtly textured coloring I'd see in the Euro comics I grew up with complemented that well.

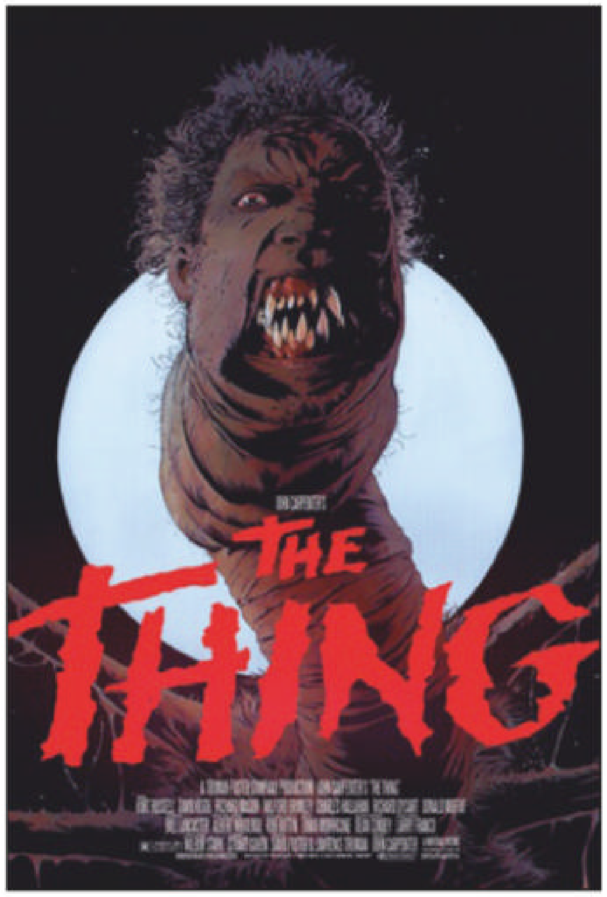
What inspires your art?
Music and films are major factors for me; I constantly play records when drawing and watch at least a couple of films per week. I have a particular soft spot for old campy exploitation horror and like to make movie posters of films that just exist in my head.

I've made a habit over the years to build a mental library of imagery and phrases I find cool, fun, odd or interesting and revisit them when free drawing. I never run out of ideas that way—the randomness of a single phrase in a song or an image onscreen can instantly bring up interesting connections to that library.

What drives you to create art?
I'm at my most content and happy inking a loose pencil drawing, letting myself get surprised at the outcome. Keeping the door open to those surprises means you have to combine safe things with risks.

At my best, a single drawing or image is both crude and delicate, cheeky and scary, fun and thoughtful—that's what I keep wanting to achieve. Also, I simply can't seem to stop drawing.


DAGMAR SALANDER
MONICA VINCENT
There is no escaping...
THE Glass Coffin
(La Bara Di Vetro)
AN AROSAN INTERNATIONAL FILM PRODUCTION
Featuring
CLAUDETTE BAKER · ROSALIA NERO · DAWN O'MARA and JOSEPH UNGER
INGRID PRATT · HUGO PES · FRANCIS FRANCO · ANNE-CATH ANGER
AROSAN
EASTMAN COLOUR
WIDESCREEN



Tell us about your process. What's involved?
It depends a lot on the assignment; in my normal job making concept art and branding work for games, it's an entirely digital process that involves a lot of people and factors, so in a way that's not *my* art—it's a team effort.

Commissioned illustrations and posters, on the other hand, I generally start off with some research and reference gathering followed by a couple of rough digital color sketches I run by the client. When we're in agreement, I do a loose pencil foundation on paper that I either ink or render in pencil, followed by scanning and digital coloring.

There have been the odd acrylic painting or digitally painted pieces over time, but most of my art is done on paper. For my personal work, it's always on paper with digital coloring and is an improvised affair; I start drawing and make it up as I go.

How has your art evolved over time?
I like to experiment and try different mediums and methods. I think it's essential for any artist, but for me it diverges into different styles of work—line art inks, pencil renderings, digital painting and branding/key art—that all inform the others but remain its own thing.

Earlier this year, though, I started dabbling with 3D sculpting and rendering. You'd think from making video games the past 15 years I'd been at it for some time, but I just never got around to it. It's incredibly fun and addictive, but a lot more time-consuming for me than drawing.

What equipment do you use to create your pieces?
Pencils, brushes, dip pen nibs, ink, an assortment of brush pens, whiteout, a computer and a Wacom Cintiq.

How's your relationship with Instagram?
I was an early adopter of Instagram, but for the longest time favored Tumblr over it for online art posting. With the latter's steady, sad decline after the adult ban, I jumped ship to Instagram. I have my own site and a few portfolio services like Behance and ArtStation, but for the general outreach, you can't beat social media. I've made a lot of meaningful connections and friendships with artists and clients through it.

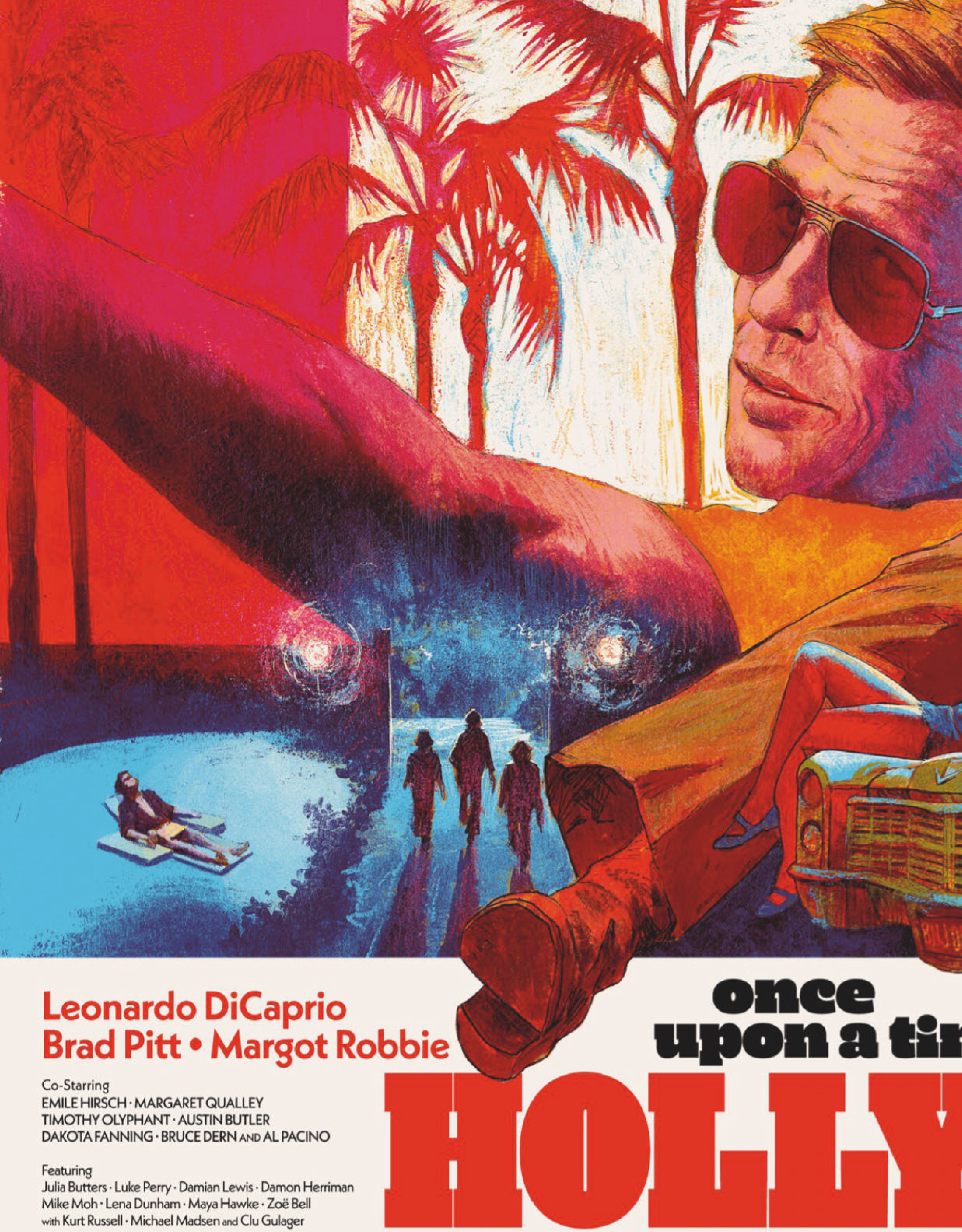
Do you ever struggle with online censorship?
At times, yes. Being Swedish, I believe myself to have a healthy relationship to nudity, body positivity and sexuality, and I'm often surprised at what constitutes "safe" content online. The apparent fear of human nudity and sexual expression baffles me.

While I've had the expected online content either flagged or removed, I've been positively surprised at the vast majority of wonderful praise, support and encouragement from people and women in particular.

What are some of your career highlights?
I've ticked off a few bucket list items lately; I was approached to do a gatefold double LP for Ennio Morricone, called *Morricone Groove*, that focuses on his lesser known soundtrack work from the '60s and '70s, which features a lot of my all-time favorite tracks of his.

Getting to work with Rob Zombie on a lot of LP soundtracks for his films was another. I was a big fan in my teens, so getting contacted by him saying he's a fan of mine was delightful.

> **"I HAVE A PARTICULAR SOFT SPOT FOR OLD CAMPY EXPLOITATION HORROR AND LIKE TO MAKE MOVIE POSTERS OF FILMS THAT JUST EXIST IN MY HEAD."**

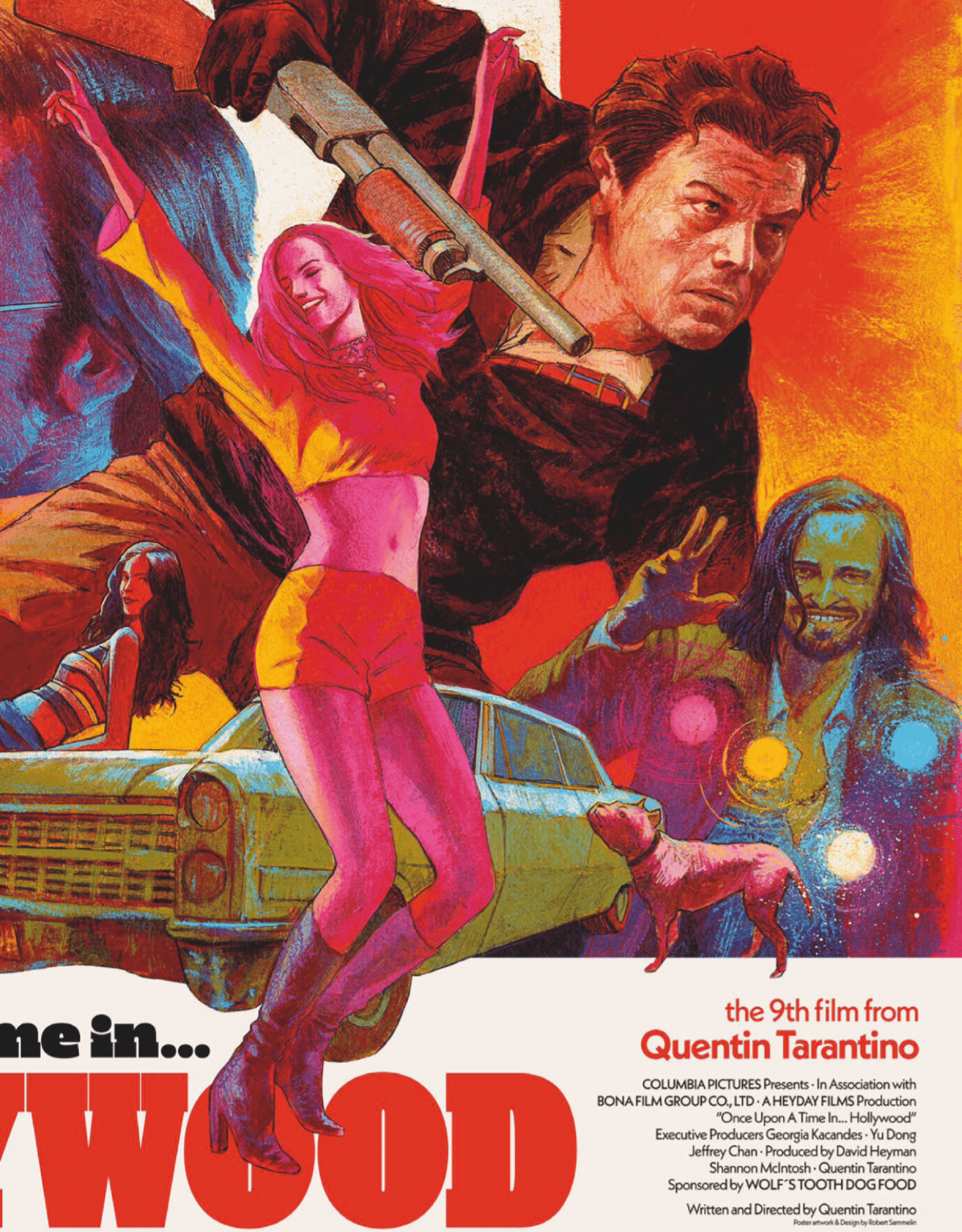


Leonardo DiCaprio
Brad Pitt • Margot Robbie

once
upon a ti
HOLLY

Co-Starring
EMILE HIRSCH · MARGARET QUALLEY
TIMOTHY OLYPHANT · AUSTIN BUTLER
DAKOTA FANNING · BRUCE DERN AND AL PACINO

Featuring
Julia Butters · Luke Perry · Damian Lewis · Damon Herriman
Mike Moh · Lena Dunham · Maya Hawke · Zoë Bell
with Kurt Russell · Michael Madsen and Clu Gulager



me in...
WOOD

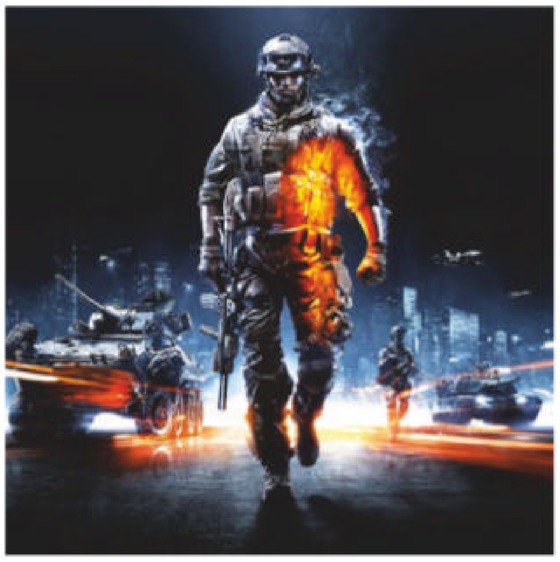
the 9th film from
Quentin Tarantino

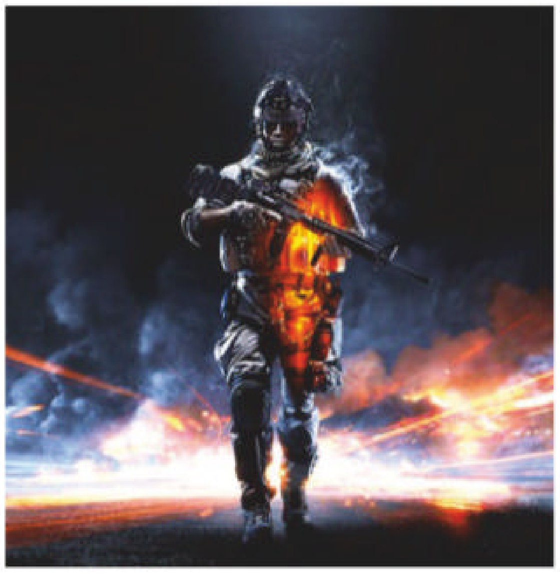
COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents · In Association with
BONA FILM GROUP CO., LTD · A HEYDAY FILMS Production
"Once Upon A Time In... Hollywood"
Executive Producers Georgia Kacandes · Yu Dong
Jeffrey Chan · Produced by David Heyman
Shannon McIntosh · Quentin Tarantino
Sponsored by WOLF´S TOOTH DOG FOOD

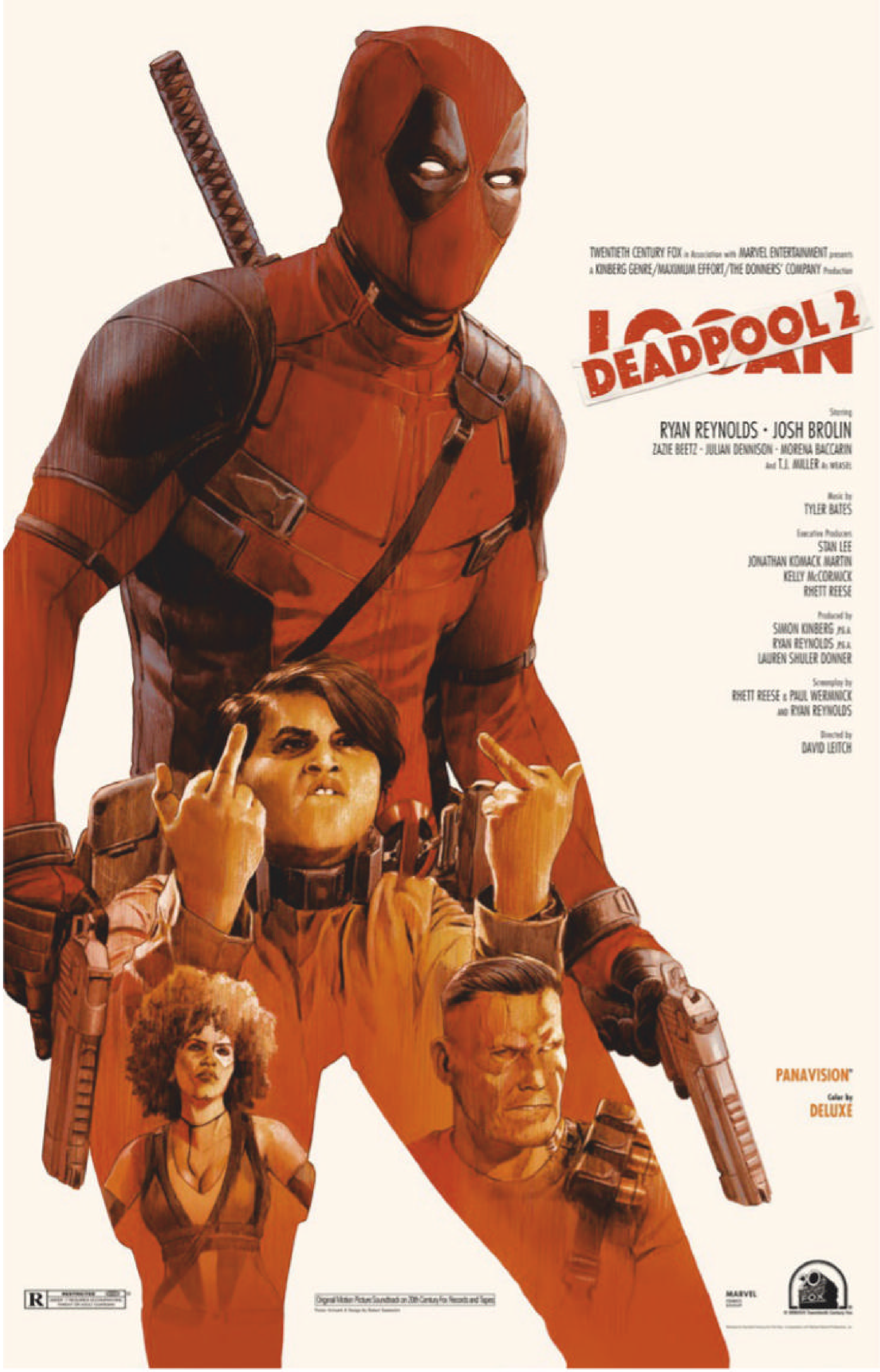
Written and Directed by Quentin Tarantino

Poster artwork & Design by Robert Sammelin

“IT’S CRAZY TO THINK THAT 50 MILLION PEOPLE OWN ART I’VE MADE IN THE FORM OF THE BATTLEFIELD GAMES.”






TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX in Association with MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT presents
a KINBERG GENRE/MAXIMUM EFFORT/THE DONNERS' COMPANY Production
LOGAN
DEADPOOL 2
Starring
RYAN REYNOLDS • JOSH BROLIN
ZAZIE BEETZ • JULIAN DENNISON • MORENA BACCARIN
And T.J. MILLER As WEASEL
Music by
TYLER BATES
Executive Producers
STAN LEE
JONATHAN KOMACK MARTIN
KELLY McCORMICK
RHETT REESE
Produced by
SIMON KINBERG p.g.a.
RYAN REYNOLDS p.g.a.
LAUREN SHULER DONNER
Screenplay by
RHETT REESE & PAUL WERNICK
and RYAN REYNOLDS
Directed by
DAVID LEITCH
PANAVISION
Color by
DELUXE
R
MARVEL

The same thing happened again when Anthony Gonzalez of M83 got in touch to have me design a poster and line of merch for a film he’d made to his latest album.

Some of my alternative movie poster screenprints have gotten some wonderful and unexpected praise. James Mangold bought a copy of the *Logan* poster, and the IMAX office has it hanging in their lobby.

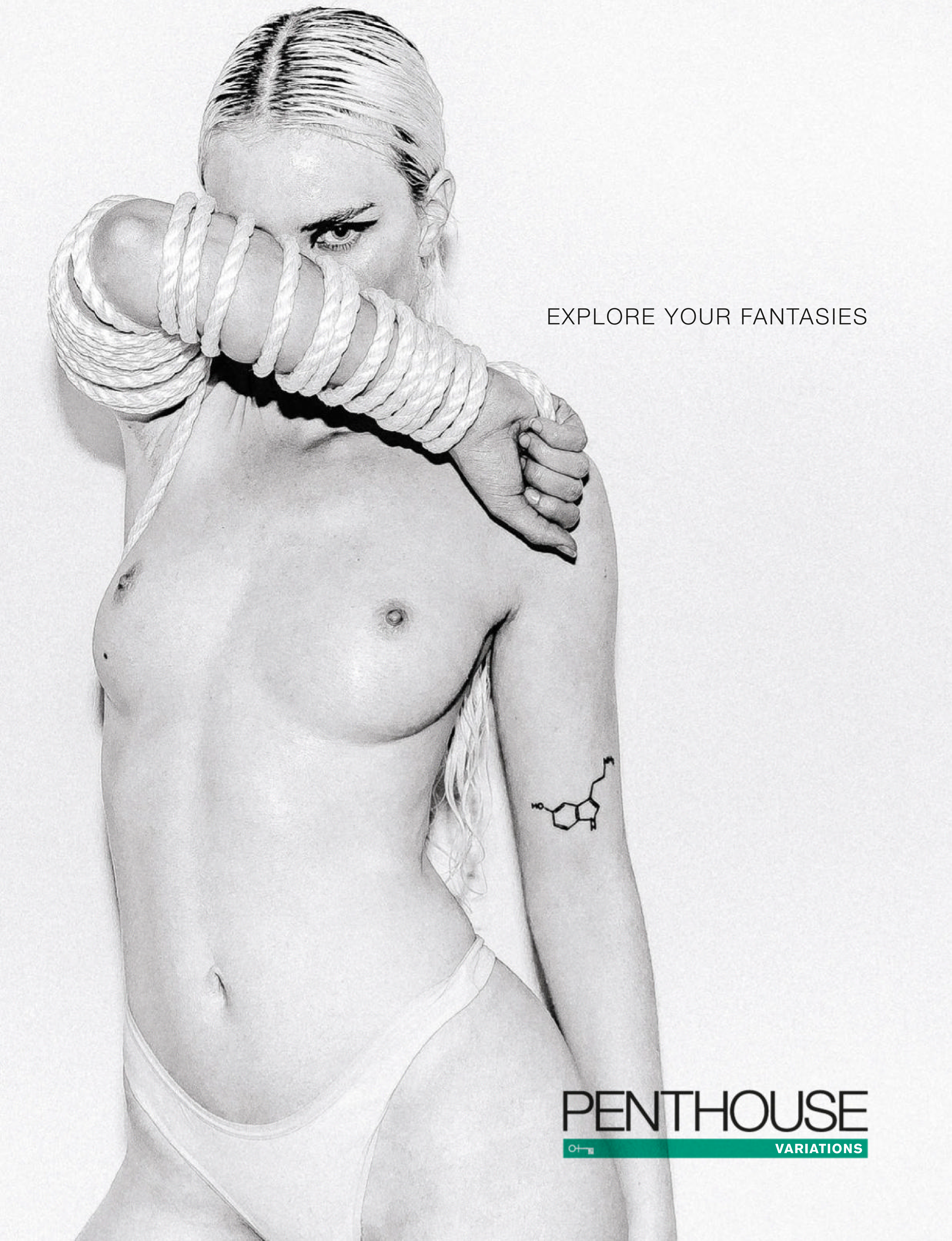
I’m also told a copy of my *Once Upon a Time ... in Hollywood* screenprint hangs in the cinema owned by Quentin Tarantino, which if true feels unreal.

My craziest realization, though, is that some 50 million people own art I’ve made in the form of the Battlefield games. I didn’t really dawn on me until I stood beneath a giant billboard in Times Square of my key art for *Battlefield 3* and saw ads for it everywhere I went. Designing that signature Battlefield branding art is a definitive career highlight.

Tell us something about you that we might not expect.
I’m a fairly uninteresting character as a whole; I can’t whistle, I never use sketchbooks and have an unusually high physical pain threshold.

What are you working on right now?
Besides making the future of video games at Embark Studios, I’m currently doing a whole bunch of record covers and posters, a comic called *YT Savior* with Ales Kot for Upshot Studios that is out soon and yet another comic called *Kali* with Daniel Freedman.

WEBSITE: ***robertsammelin.com***
INSTAGRAM: ***@robertsammelin***
ARTSTATION: ***robertsammelin***
BEHANCE: ***RobertSammelin***


EXPLORE YOUR FANTASIES
PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS

THE GREAT INDOORS

VANNA BARDOT

PHOTOGRAPHER
GTJ STUDIOS

HAPPY
NEW YEAR

MIAMI native Vanna Bardot is hot stuff—and we're pleased to feature the ravishing redhead as January's Penthouse Pet. These past few months we've all spent too much time cooped up inside, but when you've got Vanna to keep you company, being a homebody is pretty sweet. We can't think of a better way to kick off 2021 than by getting to know this 21-year-old stunner.

Why did you decide to model for *Penthouse*?
Working for *Penthouse* has been a dream of mine for so long. Learning about the history of the magazine is what made me fall in love with it, and I thought its models were the pinnacle of beauty. I knew from the start that I wanted to be just like them—and be a part of such an incredible brand.

You've been working as an adult performer for the past two years. What's your favorite thing about your work?
I love that every day is different. I get to pleasure people and be pleasured as my job—and that's so cool!

What's your favorite fantasy?
Completely submitting to someone turns me on so much—letting them make me do whatever they want. I like being a bad girl, too, and doing things on purpose to get punished.

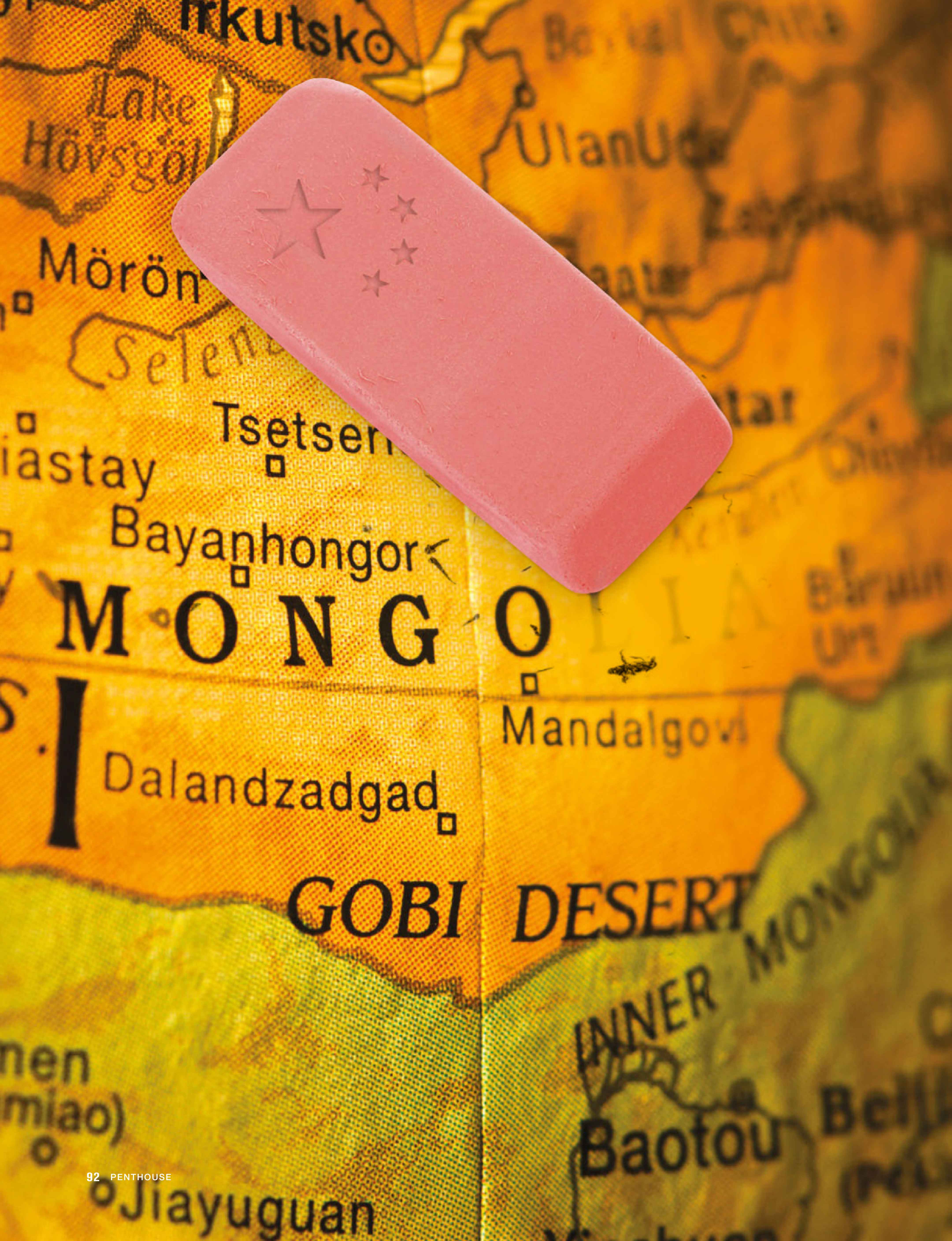
What's your biggest turn-on?
For me, communication is everything. It really excites me when my partner tells me what they want and how they want it.

And what's your biggest turn-off?
The way someone smells is a huge thing for me. It can take me from being like "fuck me now" to "absolutely not" real quick. I love the natural smell people have, so overdoing it with perfume or cologne can be really intoxicating in all the wrong ways.

What's your favorite way to relax?
With a drink in one hand, a joint in the other and my toes in the sand!

INSTAGRAM: @vannabardot
TWITTER: @vannabardot

PAUL ANTHONY
paulanthonylabelsydney.com


Irkutsk
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Ulan-Ude
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Mandalgovi
Dalandzadgad
GOBI DESERT
INNER MONGOLIA
Baotou
Jiayuguan

FEATURE

INNER MONGOLIA CHINA'S CULTURAL GENOCIDE

ON A NEW FRONTIER OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM'S GEOPOLITICAL AMBITION, THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY IS TERMINATING THE MONGOLIAN ALPHABET, LANGUAGE AND CULTURE.

BY DR. ANTONIO GRACEFFO

CREDIT: RONTECH2000 / GAVIN MORRISON

“THE right to learn and use one’s mother tongue is an inalienable right for all,” tweeted the former president of Mongolia, Tsakhiagiin Elbegdorj, in response to a decision by the government of the People’s Republic of China (PRC) to terminate bilingual Mongolian education in China’s Inner Mongolia.

The Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region was created in 1947, two years before the founding of the PRC. Today, Inner Mongolia is part of the PRC and has a population of roughly 24.7 million, around 4 million of whom are ethnic Mongolians. The neighboring independent nation of Mongolia, called Outer Mongolia by the Chinese, only has a population of just over 3 million, making Inner Mongolia the largest population of Mongols in the world. Under Chinese law, the autonomous region has the right to self-governance, regarding education, culture and language. These rights have been under constant attack, however, since 1949, with over 20,000 Mongols killed and tens of thousands of others charged with “separatist activities” during China’s Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1976.

On August 26, 2020, the Chinese government informed parents in Inner Mongolia that the bilingual education policy had been changed and “some” courses would no longer be taught in Mongolian. Parents complained bilingual education was being terminated. The Chinese government retorted that they were not ending bilingual education, as Mongolian would still be taught in language lessons. The definition of bilingual education, however, as opposed to foreign language education, is that subjects are taught in both languages. The new policy determined politics, history and literature would all be taught in Mandarin and that all textbooks and teaching materials had to be in Mandarin.

The crackdown on Mongolian language is moving far beyond the language of instruction in classrooms. Most international social media are blocked in China, but Mongolian netizens are reporting, through friends and family in independent Outer Mongolia, that signage displaying the Mongolian alphabet is being taken down; Mongolian books have been removed from bookstores; Mongolian groups on WeChat—China’s leading social media platform—have been deleted and Bainu, the only Mongolian language app, has been shut down. In some places, the use of Mongolian in schools has been completely banned. Schools have issued statements saying, “Students are prohibited from speaking Mongolian during any school activities.”

The new policy violates the Chinese constitution, which states, “Where most of the students come from minority nationalities shall, whenever possible, use textbooks in their own languages and use their languages as the medium of instruction.” Similar crackdowns have taken place against China’s two other large ethnic minorities, the Uighur Muslims in Xinjiang Uygur Autonomous Region (XUAR) and the Tibetans in the Tibet Autonomous Region. According to the Chinese Educational Bureau, the bilingual programs in those regions had already undergone the same changes. In Tibet, not only has the language of instruction been switched 100 percent to Mandarin, but local Tibetan-language kindergartens and schools have been closed down, with children being forcibly sent to Mandarin boarding schools, far away from the influence of their parents and culture.

While Tibet and Xinjiang have been hotbeds of rebellion, the Communist Party has always referred to Inner Mongolians as the “model minority.”

Christopher Atwood, a professor of Mongolian language and history at the University of Pennsylvania, said Mongolians were the first ethnic minority to declare their support for the Communist Party in the 1940s. In exchange for obedience, the Mongolians were left in charge of the education of their children, but China has continuously decreased bilingual educational access. In 1990, about 60 percent of children attended bilingual education. By 2019, that number had dropped to 30 percent. The same year, Mongolian historian Lhamjab Borjigin was arrested for publishing a book documenting Communist atrocities in Inner Mongolia during the Cultural Revolution.

After the new education policy was announced, it was estimated as many as 300,000 students had boycotted school and taken to the streets in protest. More than 300 employees of the state-owned Inner Mongolia TV network threatened to resign over the policy, an unprecedented act of defiance given effectively all media in China are directly or indirectly owned or controlled by the state. TV anchors went as far as to post messages encouraging parents to keep their children out of school. Large numbers of ethnic Mongolian civil servants resigned rather than comply with demands that they implement the policy. One resident reported most ethnic Mongolians, regardless of their job, had called in sick in protest.

A few days after the protests started, China’s leader Xi Jinping sent Minister of Public Security Zhao Kezhi to the region. Zhao called on protesters to “unswervingly” adhere to Communist Party policy and to cease separatist activities. Public Security used surveillance, financial and employment threats, detention, social credit blacklisting and media censorship to preserve “social stability.” Four party members who were working as schoolteachers were fired because of the stance they took against the policy. Between 4,000 and 5,000 people were arrested, while warrants—each carrying a cash bounty of 1,000 Yuan, the equivalent of around $150—were issued for at least an additional 1,300 people, who the state called ringleaders.

Not only was the policy unpopular among the Mongols, but even a cadre within the Beijing government voiced their opposition. Ma Xiaoli, an elite member of the Communist Party, along with 18 signatories, submitted a letter calling for a retraction of the policy. The letter also asked for an end to the arrest of protesters, and that those arrested not be branded as “political criminals” or tools of “foreign anti-China forces.” Ma Xiaoli warned this type of crackdown could turn Inner Mongolia into another Xinjiang, a region where Chinese oppression has resulted in terrorism and separatism.

According to residents, the police began searching people’s phones to see if they had participated in protests. Initially, reports were being passed secretly from Inner Mongolia to Outer Mongolia in real time, so Outer Mongolians could publish them on Twitter and Facebook, informing the world of what was happening. But then Chinese government censorship intensified, and many Inner Mongolians suddenly had their cell service and Wi-Fi cut off. News was still getting out, but in lower volumes and at a much slower rate. Some of those who the party believed could be trusted were secretly using VPNs to bypass the Great Firewall of China and get information out.

These Inner Mongolians reported those who organized protests had been charged with “stability control” crimes, and those who signed petitions were arrested. Parents were

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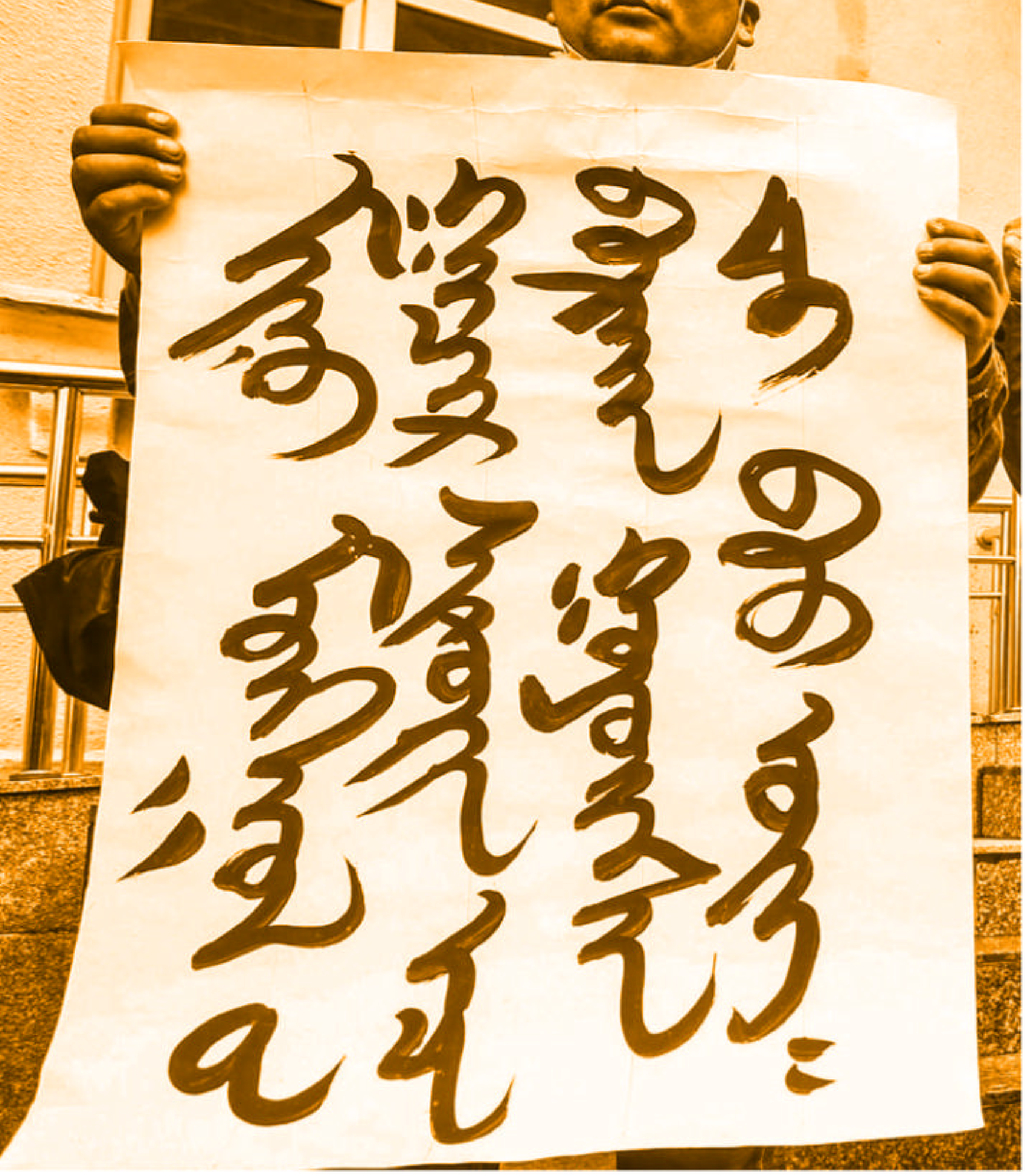

AT LEAST NINE MONGOLIANS DIED BY SUICIDE, LARGELY GOVERNMENT WORKERS WHO FELT TORN BETWEEN ENFORCING GOVERNMENT POLICY AND BETRAYING THEIR OWN PEOPLE.

A TEACHER IN INNER MONGOLIA SAID THAT SHE KNEW OF AT LEAST 90 MONGOLIAN BOYS WHO HAD BEEN FORCIBLY RECRUITED INTO THE ARMY.

threatened with unemployment and loss of social security benefits if they did not send their children back to school. They could also face being blacklisted as an "untrustworthy person," which could prevent them from obtaining bank loans. High school students were threatened that if they did not return to school, they would not only be expelled, but also be barred from taking the university entrance exam. Meanwhile, the police reported they were looking for people who posted anything "harmful to the government" on social media.

THE ROUNDUP

When parents first heard about the curriculum changes, they had to fight with police to get their children out of school. In at least one case, the children charged the barricades and escaped into the arms of their parents. In some schools, as few as 12 percent of Mongolian students were in attendance.

At least nine Mongolians died by suicide, largely government workers who felt torn between enforcing government policy and betraying their own people. One of the suicide victims was the principal of a Mongolian school in Erenhot, Xilin Gol League, which borders on independent Mongolia. The administrator was said to be under tremendous pressure from the Chinese government to terminate the bilingual education program. According to a local source, "This principal refused to help the government commit cultural genocide on her people and told the Mongolian kids to not come back to school. [China's government] insulted her and fired her and pressured her so hard she killed herself. She wrote a letter saying she's doing this to wake the Mongols up, so they can understand they must fight and do whatever they must in order to protect themselves. She urged them to post online and to the outside world to let everyone know what's going on."

Across Inner Mongolia, the educator's death was widely mourned. But when students and parents attempted to pay their respects at the funeral, the government sent 100 police officers to turn them back. According to a local source, the government claimed the principal's death was an accident because "they don't want a martyr." On social media, the authorities posted what is presumed to be a fake messages from the principal and stated "everyone needs to stop spreading spreading rumors" and her death had "nothing to do with the language policy." Apparently, this was done in several of the nine cases of suicide. The principal's husband and child were made to sign a statement confirming her suicide had nothing to do with the new language policy. A source said the husband was also forced to read a public statement asking everyone to leave his family alone and stating "if anyone says something false, he will take them to court." Her body was quickly cremated, and further memorializing was made impossible.

A massive student hunt was launched by the police. Radio Free Asia quoted a parent as saying, "Even in the remotest rural communities, police presence is so heavy." This was corroborated by a source who said, "Police then raided private homes, looking to drag the children back to school. Parents who resisted were arrested." In an attempt to prevent the authorities from finding their children, many Mongolian parents abandoned the cities and villages, hiding their children in their traditional gers (yurts) in the grasslands.

Chinese government Twitter and Facebook accounts began posting videos of happy "Mongol" children in traditional dress cheerfully attending their Mandarin lessons. According to Mongolian netizens, however, the traditional clothes they were wearing were fake and cheap. Additionally, children in China wear uniforms to school, not ethnic dress, so the videos seemed suspicious and potentially staged. Some cell phone footage even showed security personnel in the back of the classrooms.

Once the police had rounded up the majority of the children and coerced the parents into submission, the next reports out of Inner Mongolia revealed the army was pulling young Mongol males out of university and sending them to fight on the Indian border. A teacher in Inner Mongolia said she knew of at least 90 Mongolian boys who had been forcibly recruited into the army. She had also heard similar events were taking place in Tibet. The assumption she made was Tibetans and Mongolians are considered to be hardier people who can survive the harsh climate and environmental conditions on the China-India border.

THE END OF THE NOMADIC WAY OF LIFE

Ending the teaching of the Mongolian language is one way of dispossessing the Mongols of their cultural heritage and forcing them to become Chinese. Another is taking away their land. The traditional Mongol way of life is nomadic herding. In fact, in independent Outer Mongolia, 40 percent of the population are still nomadic herders. However, the Chinese government has been trying to end nomadism for decades.

The *Apple Daily*, an independent news media outlet from Hong Kong, reported that parallel to the language policy protests, thousands had been arrested in Inner Mongolia as herders rallied against a new land management law that would effectively make the nomadic lifestyle illegal. The Standing Committee of the Inner Mongolia National People's Congress introduced new legislation—Regulations on Grass-Animal Balance and Grazing Prohibition and Land Resting in Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region—prohibiting grazing. The bill is just the latest in a series of strategic moves aimed at ending nomadism.

According to one resident of Inner Mongolia, who responded to an interview through social media, "In the past 20 years or so, China has restricted the grasslands by building fences and mines. And that ended the nomadic lifestyle. So, now people have ranches and keep herds but cannot be nomads anymore." The Southern Mongolian Human Rights Information Center in New York called the move "cultural genocide," since nomadic herding forms a significant part of Mongolian life and culture.

Only 17 percent of Inner Mongolia's population are ethnic Mongolians. The majority of the others are Han Chinese, who have been incentivized to move to the region as part of Beijing's Sinicization efforts targeted at creating a Mongol minority. Long-term government initiatives such as "The National Nomad Settlement Project" are aimed at destroying Mongol culture, forcing citizens to adhere to the dominant Han Chinese culture.

According to Taiwanese media, China is not in a good position to invade Taiwan because they face a potential war with India and the U.S., but Mongolia, with a population of only 3 million, is a soft target.

Many believe the recent crackdown on Mongolian language is an attempt to prevent Inner Mongolians from communicating or joining forces with Outer Mongolians. China has taken great steps to avoid Pan-Mongolism, the concept of all of the Mongol people uniting into a single country that would include Inner Mongolia, Mongolian Buryatskaya in the Russian Federation, Mongolian Xinjiang and other areas. Over the years, China has granted increased trade to Mongolia in exchange for the region declaring

CREDIT: HADYNYAH / JATURUNP / ISTOCK

themselves a nuclear weapon- and WMD-free state and for passing laws against hosting foreign troops.

THE REACTION IN MONGOLIA

In response to the new language policy, former Mongolian president Elbegdorj said, “You cannot separate a person’s language and culture from the person.” He went on to say, “If someone hurts in Inner Mongolia, we feel it in Mongolia.” Chinese Ambassador Chai Wenrui criticized Elbegdorj, saying that “false information about the situation in Inner Mongolia” would harm Mongolia-China relations. The statement also evoked heavy criticism from Chinese Foreign Minister Wang Yi during his visit to Ulaanbaatar in mid-September, when he told Mongolian media Elbegdorj was “two-faced” for supporting the Inner Mongolians. During his visit, Mongolians staged a protest against the end of the bilingual education program by China, as well as issuing a call to their own government to intervene on behalf of the Inner Mongolians.

Wang Yi’s visit coincided with a 700-million-yuan ($105 million) Chinese-government grant, which many see as “hush money” to prevent the government of Mongolia from speaking out against the language policy. One Inner Mongolian, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, said, “Mongolia took the money, so not good. This could be the beginning of the end. They can make China angry; they are just afraid to. [Inner Mongolians] actually already knew Mongolia would do this ... But they were hoping otherwise.”

When Mongolian Prime Minister Ukhnaagiin Khürelsükh met with Wang Yi, he reaffirmed that “Mongolia firmly adheres to the one-China policy, and it did not and will not interfere in China’s internal affairs.” During his visit, Wang Yi discussed increasing Mongolia’s coal and agricultural exports to China, as well as advancing the Belt and Road Initiative, a grand infrastructure project which calls for billions of dollars’ worth of Chinese investment. They also discussed China financing the construction of three additional railway border ports.

Many Mongolians harbor resentment and even hatred toward China. A Mongolian college student went as far as suggesting Mongolians should stop celebrating Mongolian New Year, Tsagaan Sar, because it was originally a Qing Dynasty holiday. “You know how the Qing treated us, yeah?” he said angrily. Additionally, many fear it is inevitable Mongolia will be subsumed by China, eventually losing its independence. Khaltmaagiin Battulga, Mongolia’s current president, even campaigned on an anti-China platform.

September 1 in Mongolia is “The Day of the Mother Language.” This year, President Battulga appeared on television, in traditional dress, reciting a poem with a group of schoolchildren, standing before a backdrop written in traditional Mongolian script. The poem was about the Mongolian alphabet and was written by a poet from Inner Mongolia. It would seem clear where President Battulga’s heart lies, and yet the Mongolian government has issued no official statement of protest against China’s actions in Inner Mongolia. This is largely because the country is economically dependent on China, which purchases in excess of 80 percent of Mongolia’s exports. The Mongolian government remembers all too well when they defied Beijing’s protests by allowing a 2016 visit by His Holiness the Dalai Lama, the highest spiritual leader in both Tibetan and Mongolian Buddhism. As punishment, Beijing closed several border crossings and imposed tariffs on Mongolian exports.

Citizens criticized their government for its lack of response. One student said, “They are bowing down to China. Do you know why Genghis Khan made Mongolia powerful? Because Mongolia doesn’t bow down to anyone. It’s in our blood.” While their government remained silent on the issue, Mongolian netizens raised their voices on Facebook and Twitter, using the hashtag #SaveTheMongolianLanguage. The *South China Morning Post* published a video about the protests in which a Mongolian protester said, “The center of our Mongolian tradition is in Inner Mongolia. Our language here is also destroyed. If our traditional language is eradicated, the Mongolian lineage will disappear.”

One reason why Mongolians see the events in Inner Mongolia as a threat to the survival of their language is because Outer Mongolia, a former Soviet satellite, writes with a modified Russian Cyrillic alphabet. Inner Mongolia was the last place on Earth where the traditional Mongolian alphabet was still being used.

“Fuck Chinese,” answered Bat-Orgil, an artist and photographer in Mongolia, when he was asked about the Inner Mongolia language policy. The next question was if he thought the language and culture was in danger, to which he replied, “Of course. I can’t read it.”

As the Mongolian language is being squashed in Inner Mongolia, the government of Mongolia has announced it will be dropping the Cyrillic alphabet and going back to using the traditional Mongolian alphabet, Hudum Mongol bichig, by 2025. A Mongolian university student said, “China found out we are switching back to Mongolian alphabet, and they are not happy.”

The Mongolian traditional script is extremely ornate, written vertically, from top to bottom in columns down the page. For most people, even native speakers, it is considered quite challenging. The same student went on to say the change could never actually happen because it would be too difficult and complained, “We have this alphabet from Russia, and we will be stuck with it forever because everyone is used to it.”

Mongolian students only learn Mongolian traditional script for two to three years in junior high school, and there is only one section on the national exam which requires students to translate from the old script to Cyrillic. In daily life, the old script is almost never used, so most students forget the little they have learned once they move on to high school.

One college student theorized, “They could incorporate it into the education system, but how would our generation survive? It would be hard for us.” He went on to say, “I learned it, but I suck at it.” Another student agreed, “I can’t even read it. That makes it pretty sad, I guess.” The first student added, “We’ve lost it.” A third student felt Mongolians had a responsibility to learn and preserve the old language and said, “You guys can learn. I am planning to learn Mongolian script. You can’t escape from the culture, guys.”

Some see Inner Mongolia as a repository of the old Mongolian culture. Student No. 3 said, “But if you were Inner Mongolian, you would be using [the alphabet].” English and Russian have heavily influenced the language of Outer Mongolia. The student went on to say, “[Inner Mongolians] are more Mongolian than us. We don’t even know Mongolian vocabulary sometimes; we just use English. I think this is what is making us less Mongolian.” And now language programs are being terminated in Inner Mongolia, and it is questionable if the script change will be carried out in Mongolia, the student concluded, adding, “It is sad for our language.”

This will be the end of the Mongolian alphabet, which managed to survive from the days of Genghis Khan until August 26, 2020.

DENUNCIATION OF THE REAGAN REGIME!
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LATINA lovely LaSirena knows how to make hearts race—and drive men crazy. Much like the irresistible sea sirens of yore, our February Penthouse Pet is too gorgeous to resist. With a smoldering gaze and dangerous curves, this busty brunette beauty had us falling for her fast. Take one look at her stunning pics, and you'll understand why we'll let her take the wheel—anytime.

How did you get started performing in the adult industry?
I'm a very sexual person, so I was naturally drawn to the work. It lets me express myself and explore my fantasies—and share those parts of myself with others. There's an inherent beauty in being open to giving and receiving pleasure.

If you could have any other job in the world, what would it be?
There's nothing I'd rather be doing. I'm an exhibitionist, and I love sex—so shooting porn is the perfect job for me.

What do you like most about your work?
It allows me to be myself—always. I do what I want, how I want it—and I get to enjoy myself for a living. There's nothing better than that!

Do you have any fetishes?
I can't resist a guy with a mustache, and I love big hands. There's just something about the idea of a really masculine guy manhandling me that turns me on.

What's your favorite fantasy?
Having two guys at once—a double penetration. Sometimes one man just isn't enough!

What's one move that always turns you on?
Kissing my neck. I'm so sensitive. Just a few kisses really revs my motor.

Where was your most memorable sexual experience?
Being fucked in the ocean as the cool waves lapped at my naked body. I felt fully connected to my partner and the world around us. It was really beautiful—and really sexy.

INSTAGRAM: @lasirena69
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OUR READERS'
EXOTIC SEXCAPADES
BROUGHT TO LIFE

PENTHOUSE
LETTERS

A GENERATION OF WARFIGHTERS—FROM KABUL TO KURDISTAN

AMERICA'S GLOBAL WAR ON TERROR IS NEARLY OLD ENOUGH TO LEGALLY DRINK. HOW HAVE SERVICEMEMBERS CHANGED OVER THAT TIME? WHAT'S STAYED THE SAME? OUR NATIONAL SECURITY COLUMNIST ASKED SOME FIGHTING MEN AND WOMEN JUST THAT. **BY MATT GALLAGHER**

“WE will never win in Afghanistan ... it gives us a place to go and be warriors.”

Former Special Forces Major Jim Gant said those words about a decade ago, while assessing the state of that war. A couple years prior, Gant had written an influential policy paper entitled “One Tribe at a Time: A Strategy for Success in Afghanistan.” General David Petraeus called him a modern-day Lawrence of Arabia. Gant earned a reputation in that war for being a master counterinsurgent or going native, depending on who you ask. So this American Spartan (the title of Gant's 2014 memoir—written by his wife, Ann Scott Tyson) didn't arrive at his conclusion of the war's long-term viability without some hard-earned knowledge.

Yet the war goes on. In Afghanistan and beyond. The slow drift of the forever wars (nearing 20 years now, if you can believe it—old enough to buy its own beer) has seen our foreign policy go from the Powell Doctrine, to invasions without exit strategies, to occupations of various phases and fronts. We've brought the fight to the enemy from Baghdad to Niger, bombed terrorists from the Hindu Kush to the deserts of Syria. We've partnered with Kurds and Pashtuns, Sunni chieftains and Shi'a clerics. Young American servicemembers have died for the Global War on Terror, far from home, in a wide array of violent ways—sometimes believing in the cause, sometimes not.

Twenty years of war. Twenty years of bloodshed. Twenty years is a long-ass time, and also the length of a whole military career. That's a lot of toil and deploying, even for professional warfighters, and it got me thinking: How are the veterans from early in this war similar to those now enlisting? How are they different? Have the expectations in the ranks changed at

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"THERE'S ALWAYS GOING TO BE A FIGHT, SOMEWHERE. THAT SOUNDS BAD, I KNOW, BUT THAT'S THE REALITY. BEST TO KEEP IT AWAY FROM OUR SHORES AS BEST WE CAN, SO OUR FAMILIES CAN LIVE IN PEACE."

all, and how do those expectations differ from those who served pre-9/11 and those who joined up in the immediate aftermath of those attacks?

So I asked a few of them.

Will, 37, U.S. Army, major: I started ROTC the week before September 11 ... mostly to pay for school. I wanted to be a pilot, too. I don't think I'd given much thought to making [the military] a career, I was just 18, you know? Then the towers fell and everything changed.

Dion, 52, U.S. Army, sergeant first class (retired): I'm so old I fought in Desert Storm (laughs)! How was it different back then? There wasn't much "Support the Troops," not until we came back from the Gulf and had a victory parade. Going into the military was something a lot of folks looked down on. Now, it's one of the most trusted professions. I didn't really notice that when I was in, but now that I'm retired, I see it every day.

Terri, 24, U.S. Marines, lieutenant: I was little when 9/11 happened, so the wars have been there most of my life, just kind of [set] in the backdrop. I wouldn't say [deploying to combat] is why I became a Marine, but now that I am a Marine, it's something I feel compelled to do ... it's something I want to do now.

Ryan, 50, former U.S. Navy, petty officer 2nd class: I left [the Navy] in 2000. People talk a lot about 9/11 being the big dividing line, and I get that, but people forget the USS Cole was bombed the year before. Terrorism was already happening.

Will: I worked as a recruiting officer in New York a few years back, so I saw new recruits coming in. They changed a bit, but for the most part it was the same: They wanted to serve their country. Wanted college money, wanted to learn a trade. Now, their relationship to the wars? Yeah, that's different. I talked to a young private last week, born in 2002. This is their normal.

Terri: Do I think my generation is different than the older ones? Huh. I don't know. There's the technology. I guess we're like "digital natives," as my dad would say. For Marines a couple years older, combat deployments were guaranteed. Now that's less common. So maybe that's a difference?

Ryan: Can't speak for the other services, but I don't think much has changed for sailors and the Navy. The mission set is the same: security and deterrence through sustained forward presence. Which is a lot of smart words to say: Be the biggest shark in the ocean—always.

Dion: I definitely noticed changes [in the personality types of soldiers] over my career. When I first came in, you were expected to do the job when ordered—no questions, no explanation needed, especially in combat arms. By the time I had my own platoon, though, explaining missions and objectives was part of the job. In some ways, that was good, made for smarter, more inquisitive soldiers. In other ways ... I mean, it's the green machine. Sometimes you just gotta crack skulls because your sergeant told you to.

Will: Only us old-timers now remember an America at peace. But that's a lot of why I decided to stay in, make it a career. Same with a lot of people around our age, officer and enlisted. There's always going to be an enemy. There's always going to be a fight, somewhere. That sounds bad, I know, but that's the reality. Best to keep it away from our shores as best we can, so our families can live in peace.

Terri: One of the great things about joining the Marines, about becoming a Marine, is the tradition. They drill it into you at OCS [Officer Candidates School] to the point that it becomes this real, tangible thing you're aware of honoring and frightened of measuring up to ... so for all the changes in generations and stuff, I think it's the maintaining of excellence that's most important. Times change, warfare changes, but the meaning of Semper Fidelis [Always Faithful] never does. That's really cool.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including

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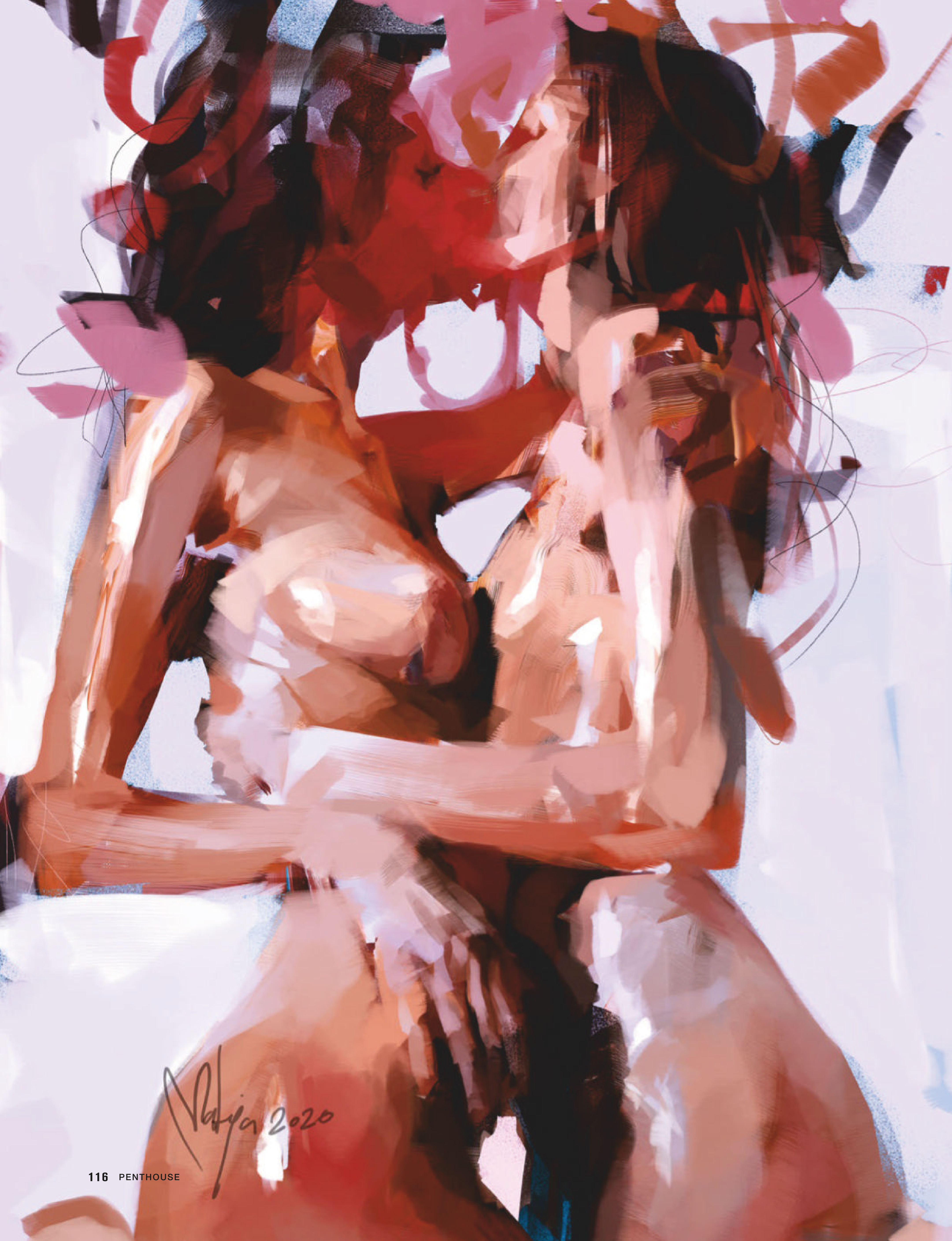

Matija 2020

MILK FOR MY COCONUT

“I THINK THE SUBJECT OF HUMAN SEXUALITY AND SEXUAL DIVERSITY SHOULD BE TREATED AS ANY OTHER CONVERSATIONAL TOPIC.”

MATEJA Petkovic, more commonly known as milkformycoconut, is a Serbian artist living in Munich, Germany, who is known for his new realism meets abstract figurative digital oil paintings.

Where did the name milkformycoconut come from?
The name came from a print giveaway I held on my original Instagram account, “Senior Coconut,” where people had to write #milkformycoconut for a challenge connected to that giveaway. However, my original account was deleted by Instagram for not “following their guidelines”—showing nudity—and I needed a new account name. Milkformycoconut then just stuck because it was a nice mixture of humor and sexual innuendo.

Where does your inspiration come from?
Once I moved to Germany, a long-term relationship I was in ended. So, I began to paint new artistic subjects that sometimes also happened to be real-life experiences.

Tell us about your artistic process.
Sometimes it starts with a specific idea in my head, or a specific emotion I want to portray. Sometimes it’s a color or color combination that can lead me to want to portray a certain mood on the canvas, whereas other times I will just see an image from a movie, from real life or from other artists I find inspiring that makes me want to reimagine it in my own way. As I go, placing the paint on the canvas, different ideas and concepts may pop up, and I will follow in that direction. In the end, my process is never really defined by one single formula, but it’s always a mix of directions I want to go.

Why digital over traditional paint on canvas?
I actually don’t favor any medium over the other. In the past, I didn’t have a studio that had enough space to put my ideas on big canvases, so digital paintings were more convenient and affordable for me at the time.

What equipment do you use to create your pieces?
For my digital pieces, I use Photoshop on the PC, as well as the Procreate app on the iPad. For traditional painting, I use acrylic and/or oils on canvas.

How long does a piece generally take you to complete?
A digital piece can take me from one to three days, whereas a traditional piece could take me up to two weeks.

Tell us about your journey to become an artist.
My father is an artist, so from a very young age I was exposed to painting. I was hanging out at his studio a lot and was inspired to start drawing. I was drawing daily and connecting with friends who had the same interest, which led me to enroll in the only high school in Belgrade that focuses on arts and design. From there, I enrolled in the University of Applied Arts in Belgrade and majored in traditional painting. After my studies, I lived off of painting and freelancing jobs for different international gaming/production studios on the side. After six years of doing that, I decided to move to Germany and start my professional career at a video game production studio, but I wanted to continue my own personal work and discovered Instagram as a platform. This is how milkformycoconut was born.

Who would you say are your biggest artistic influences?
For at least 20 years on my artistic journey, I encountered many artists who influenced my style and helped me find my own voice. Some examples are Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud, Jenny Saville, Nicola Samori, Egon Schiele, Rembrandt, Velázquez, Picasso, Modigliani—and the list goes on.

As an artist, what’s your relationship like with Instagram?
Originally, I posted my works on Facebook, however the strict rules of Facebook regarding nudity made me start using Instagram, which was more suitable for me at the time. Also, Instagram was an app that was only image-based, which was perfect for me as a visual artist. In that respect, Instagram helped me promote my works and find people with similar interests. My relationship with Instagram since has been one of many ups and downs. It is a constant battle to make them see that my works are fine art and not pornography, nor do they have any explicit pornographic nature, especially because it is a fine line to walk on and deal with that subject matter.

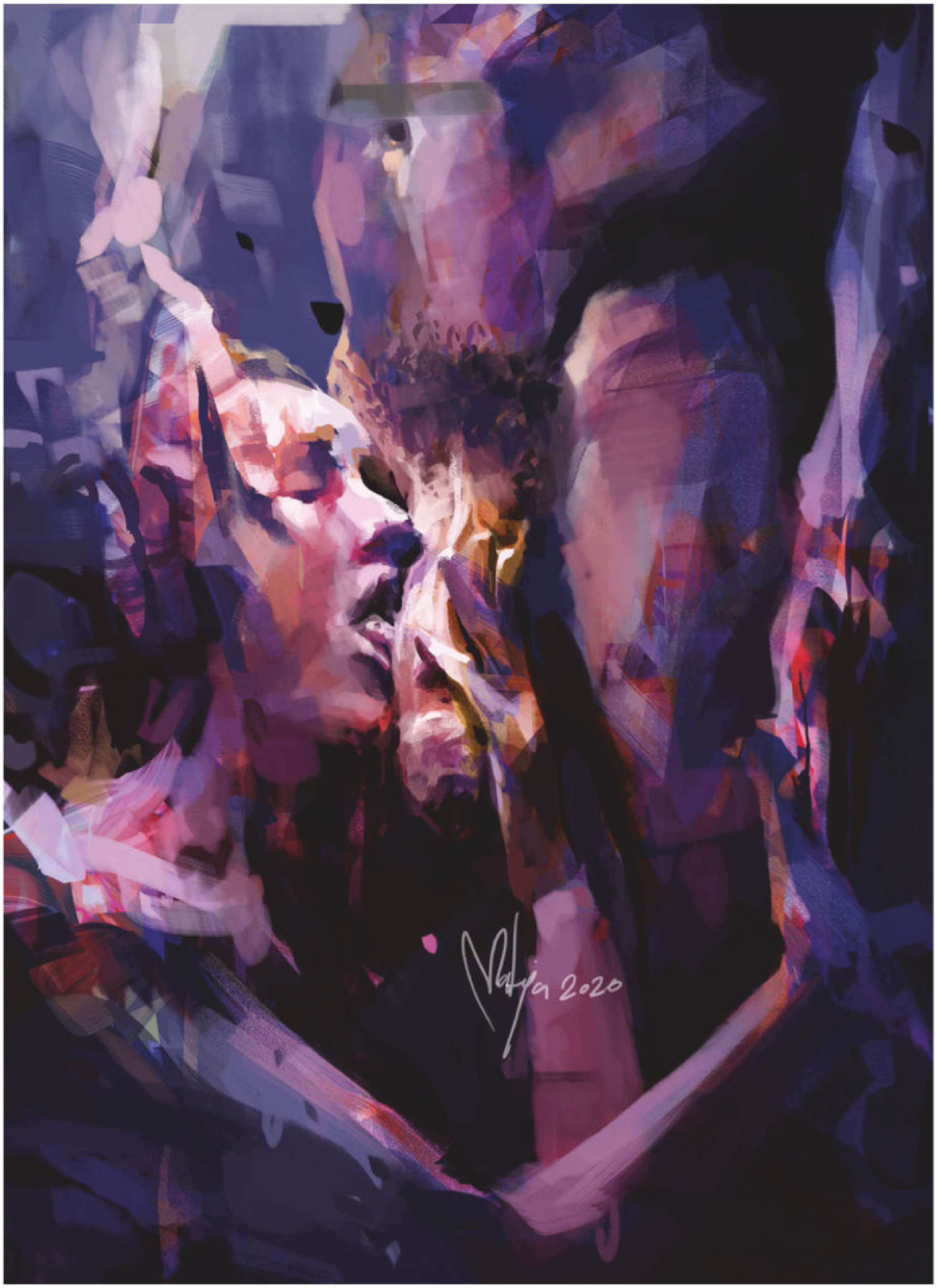
Do you ever struggle with censorship?
Constantly. Since I started dealing with that subject matter, censorship has been a hurdle, because when painting erotic topics it has always been a balancing act to express myself but, at the same time, not violate the terms and regulations of the platform I use. I think the subject of human sexuality and sexual diversity should be treated as any other conversational topic.

What draws you to creating erotic images?
The beauty of the human body and the beauty of an intimate connection.

Tell us something interesting about you or something that we might not expect.
I used to do music production when I was younger. I love producing electronic music. That is something I want to continue in the future.

What are you working on right now?
Trying to find new ways to express my thoughts and ideas.

INSTAGRAM: **@milkformycoconut**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LETTER OF THE MONTH

SEXT APPEAL

My most shameful slip-up actually led to the hottest sex of my life! It all started when I accidentally texted a picture of my pussy to my boss. It wasn't just any crotch shot, either. Oh no, this was full frontal with fingers involved. I was parting my labia, my camera close enough to catch the glimmer of my bathroom light reflecting off my very wet, pink flesh.

I was bored and horny, intending to send the dirty picture to the guy I'd met at the bar the night before. But one careless screen tap later, I'd made a colossal blunder—or so I feared.

Almost immediately, ellipses appeared in my boss's chat bubble, confirming Derek had most definitely seen my message.

My breath caught in my chest. The anticipation was killing me.

Finally, salvation arrived in the form of a little text bubble: "Want me to pretend I never saw this?"

A simple "yes, please" was all it would have taken to put a cap on my most embarrassing error to date. And yet, I couldn't bring myself to type the words. I mean, if he wasn't interested at all, he'd have shut me down completely. Posing a question implied that he might be interested in more. Right?

And I've always thought my boss was insanely hot.

Deciding to go for broke, I took a deep breath and typed out, "You could, or you could show me something in return."

There were those damned ellipses again, mocking me while I waited to learn if I had just made the best or worst decision of my career.

Finally, my phone chimed.

"What did you have in mind?" read his inquisitive text.

Relief washed over me in calming waves, followed by unadulterated excitement. The ball was back in my court, and things were going very well. Still, he'd asked an excellent question. What did I have in mind for his photo? I couldn't ask for a dick pic, or could I? That felt like something you should build toward—even if I did come in hot sending a full-frontal pussy to start this whole thing.

After waffling for a few seconds, I settled on starting out slow. A sexy mirror selfie was the perfect request to test the waters.

"I've always wondered what you're hiding under those starched button-down shirts," I typed.

Cue the butterflies taking flight in my belly while I waited impatiently for his reply. Fortunately, he didn't leave me hanging for long. Before my screen could fade to black, Derek was back with another message.

There was my boss's bare chest—lean, muscular and shirtless. I'd definitely seen him leaving the office with a gym bag before, but I hadn't expected such an athletic physique. Clearly, the suits he wore every day were doing us all a great disservice.

A dusting of hair covered his chest, accentuating his pecs. From there my eyes wandered down, skimming over his flat belly and down to the waistband of his pants.

Why hadn't I asked him to take those off?

Derek's thumb was hooked on a belt loop, tugging the front of his jeans down enough to give me a peek at the spot where his abs cut into a "V" that pointed down to his dick.

"Am I everything you expected?"

Was he kidding? Just one topless picture had me fogging up my phone screen. He was damn sexy.

"Everything and more. Now take off those jeans so I don't have to keep using my imagination."

"No, no. It's your turn to take off your shirt."

Thanks to my earlier texting escapade, I was already bottomless. But my T-shirt remained firmly in place. A quick glance at the mirror across the room confirmed my bedhead hair gave off a just fucked look. Perfect.

I whipped the thin cotton top over my head and tossed it onto my pillow, then I grabbed my phone and opened up the camera. Years of snapping provocative selfies had taught me tit pics should always be taken using the phone's front lens. With that in mind, I flipped the view and leaned forward until only my abs, breasts and puckered lips were in the frame.

This time, Derek didn't bother responding with words. He already knew what I wanted, and damn, did he deliver! His next picture was taken in a new room—one that had a full-length mirror.

There wasn't a stitch of clothing to be seen in that shot. My eyes devoured the image, from his muscular legs to his sexy, crooked smile. One hand held his phone and the other fisted his rock-solid dick. I know Derek's hands are on the larger side, and yet those hands the size of dinner plates were dwarfed by his dick. The shaft extended several inches beyond his fist, and it looked as though he couldn't close his fingers around his girth.

My eyes widened. I wondered what my little hands would look like holding a dick so big. What would it feel like to suck him into my mouth and take him down my throat?

I wished I could reach through the screen and replace his hand with my own. Oh, what I would give to run my fingers over his shaft!

Snapping back to the present, I sent him an emoticon with heart eyes, followed by a question, “Now what can I do for you?”

Within seconds, he answered, “Lay back on the bed and show me how you finger yourself.”

I’d already started to stroke my clit while I eye-fucked his drool-worthy picture, so that request was particularly easy to fulfill. I crawled up to the head of my bed and reclined on the pillows, angling my back so I was comfortable enough to both give myself pleasure and capture the moment on camera.

First, I recorded a quick clip of my index finger gently caressing my clit. I sent that along to Derek and asked, “Like this?”

“Oh, yeah. Now dip that finger inside your pussy and slide it in and out. Show me how you fuck yourself.”

Being the diligent employee I am, I followed my boss’s directions to a “T.” After circling my clit a few more times, I slithered down into my slit and massaged my folds. Once my finger was thoroughly coated in my juices, I slipped it right inside my pussy.

My cunt’s muscles rippled around my digit, urging it to dive just a little bit deeper. I crooked my finger so it pressed against the most sensitive spot inside my snatch. Oh God, did that feel fucking good!

When I stopped documenting the action, I didn’t bother pulling my finger from my pussy. Why should I? It was much more fun to keep fucking myself while I waited for further instructions.

“I want to see how wet you are. Take out that finger and show me,” Derek ordered.

Once again, I gave him exactly what he wanted, right down to catching the way the light reflected off of my dewy fingers, making them glimmer. As an added bonus, I panned up so he could watch me lick my juices off. My cheeks hollowed as I sucked the slippery digit into my mouth, swirling my tongue all around it until I’d lapped up every bit of my wetness.

The video was a little on the long side, so I bided my time by playing with my pussy some more, while I waited for his reaction. I laid my phone on my mound and rested my wrist on top of it, pushing it down so the corner nudged my clit. When Derek texted me back, the phone’s vibration gave me a little thrill. I imagined he was there in bed with me, rolling a buzzing sex toy over my clit.

I flipped the phone up to look at the screen and was excited to see it was my turn to watch a video. There was a close-up of Derek holding his oversized dick. Three to four inches of it extended beyond his fingers, and he definitely wasn’t able to close his fist around it.

> **“I’d already started to stroke my clit while I eye-fucked his drool-worthy picture.”**

He pumped his cock hard, getting so into it that the picture was little shaky. Then he sped up even more, his fist moving so fast his hand kept slipping up and over his flared cockhead. His muscles tensed up, accentuating all the grooves and cuts in his abs and upper thighs. When thick, white come jetted from the top of Derek’s dick, I closed my eyes and pretended he was actually fucking my mouth, spilling his hot seed right down my throat.

That image pushed me rapidly toward my own peak. My hips bucked hard against my hand, but my body still hummed with unspent sexual energy. I pressed the heel of my palm to the top of my cleft to massage my clit. Just that little bit of force was all my body needed to pop off like fireworks.

My pussy twitched, gripping my fingers as though they might offer some salvation. The electric sensations sparked everywhere, making my toes curl and my fingers flex.

As my orgasm ebbed, I let myself ride the final waves of my pleasure. In my mind, I could still see Derek’s fist gliding up and down his long, thick erection. The man’s body was a masterpiece, right down to his very generous package.

The handsome stranger from the bar was totally forgotten as I began considering all of the creative ways I could have fun with Derek and his big dick.

My phone buzzed, breaking my reverie as it announced the final message I would receive that evening.

“Watching your videos drove me wild. I want to fuck you.”

And on that note, I was left alone with my own thoughts, conjuring up all sorts of ideas about what might happen when we next saw each other.

The following morning at the office, Derek’s assistant emailed me a request to meet with my boss after lunch. The appointment blocked out three consecutive hours on my calendar, directly before my weekly team meeting.

Of course, that also meant my morning was a wash. As hard as I tried, I couldn’t focus on the materials for my presentation, let alone accomplish anything else. Instead, I spent the majority of my time pushing away dirty thoughts as I imagined what my boss could do to me in those three glorious hours.

By the time I headed to Derek’s office, I hadn’t done more than drink a cup of coffee and brush my teeth to freshen up for our appointment.

When I arrived, his assistant’s desk was unoccupied and her computer was switched off, but his door was ajar. I peeked past it, straining to see if Derek was inside.

"Come in, and please, close the door behind you," he said.

Startled, I hurried into the office and pulled the door closed against my back, flipping the lock closed as casually as possible. Just in case.

Derek stood before the window with his back to me, making it impossible to gauge his mood.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "Your assistant wasn't at her desk, and I wasn't sure if I should come in."

He turned to face me. His lips lifted into a smile that highlighted the dimple that pierced his chin.

"Don't worry about her. She's been instructed to enjoy a very long lunch. She won't be back for hours."

No wonder he's the boss—he thought of everything!

Now that I knew what Derek was hiding beneath his tailored suit, I saw things a bit differently. For example, I knew his broad shoulders were not an illusion created by overstuffed shoulder pads. He was the real deal. And every bulge in the fabric was created by completely natural factors—including the very large one I spied just beneath his waistband.

Derek gestured to the space next to him and said, "Please, join me."

I walked toward him on shaky legs, wondering what he had in store for me. His demeanor gave nothing away.

In my fantasies, an office hookup often began with a rakish executive sweeping his arm across a paper-strewn desk, clearing the items to the floor in a frantic display that proved how desperate he was to get naked with me.

In reality, Derek's desk was neat and organized, his manner quiet and controlled as he said, "Place both hands on the desk and spread your legs for me."

I was nervous and stumbled as I turned to face the furniture. But Derek was right there to place a hand on my back to steady me. He caressed me with a gentle stroke of his thumb. That simple gesture excited me.

Once I was positioned the way he wanted, Derek sank to his knees behind me. His fingers snaked around my ankles, setting my skin alight with his touch. He skated his fingers up my calves, slowly and sensually tracing my muscles with his fingertips.

When he reached my knees, he placed a kiss on the sensitive indent on the back of each leg before journeying even higher. He skimmed his hands along the sides of my thighs, dragging my skirt up along the way. The hem of my pencil skirt got caught beneath my curvy ass, but with a little yank from Derek, the fabric soon cleared my humps and was banded around at my hips.

Derek stood and took a step back to admire his handiwork.

"Beautiful," he murmured as his fingers toyed with my lacy thong.

He tugged my wispy undies down, letting them fall to the floor. Then he helped me step out of the confining elastic loops, lifting one stiletto-clad foot at a time.

Once I was unfettered, he stood and turned me to face him. He leaned in, brushing his lips over my ear as he whispered, "I want you to go into your next meeting with my scent all over you."

His knuckles rubbed against my mound, grazing my clit.

"I want you to stand up there and give your presentation, feeling that sweet soreness between your legs, and remember me bending you over this desk and fucking you so hard you forgot your own name."

He balled up my panties, held them up to my lips and said, "So you're not too loud."

I knew what he wanted, so I relented and allowed him to stuff the underwear between my lips to muffle my cries. I'd carefully selected that particular pair in the event my boss made a physical advance. But I hadn't expected them to be nestled inside my mouth!

Once I was muzzled by my panties, he rewarded me with a kiss on the cheek and said, "As always, you exceed my expectations."

Derek slipped his hand between our bodies and worked his fingers into my folds.

"Wet already," he said with a smile. "Exactly what I like to see. Turn around again and bend over the desk."

I resumed my previous position. I couldn't see what Derek was doing, but I did hear a jingle of metal when he unfastened his belt and let his slacks drop to the floor.

He stepped close to me and reached around to my front, nestling his hand between my thighs. He palmed my wet pussy, then slipped his fingers inside me, stretching my hole and readying me for that massive dick.

Next, I felt his warm, velvety rod slipping between my thighs. Then the flared head of his cock pressed against my opening. I moaned as he fully seated himself inside me. I groaned softly, hoping my underwear would muffle most of the sound. It was the middle of the day, and we worked in a busy office. Anyone could have been outside.

"He pistoned his dick into my pussy, trading erratic movements for forceful thrusts."

"Fuck, you're tight," he whispered in my ear. I clenched my muscles, squeezing his prick with my pussy, and he moaned helplessly.

Keeping his big, beautiful dick buried deep inside me, Derek returned his hand to my clit. He pressed a fingertip to the swollen bud and circled it slowly. I felt tingling sensations spread from my pussy outward, suddenly consuming me entirely. He kissed my shoulder, then my neck and finally my earlobe.

"Perfection," he whispered.

His free hand fell on the small of my back and pressed me down onto the desk.

"I dreamed about this moment all night long," he drawled. "So far it seems we're an excellent fit."

Derek began moving in and out of me with lightning fast speed. His first thrust would have sent me flying across the desk had his hand not been on my back, holding me firmly in place.

My fingers flexed atop the glossy wooden desktop. Derek's dick pummeled me perfectly, and my cunt quivered in response. I raised myself up on my toes, angling my body to accept every inch of his dick.

How glad I was to have a mouth full of lace at that moment. It reminded me to keep my noises to a minimum.

By that point, my pussy wasn't just pulsing. It had clamped down on Derek's dick, gripping him with all its might while my juices overflowed from where our bodies met as my climax raged.

A loud grunt followed by a change in rhythm hinted Derek was close to coming, as well. He pistoned his dick into my pussy, trading erratic movements for slow, forceful thrusts.

Once Derek had pumped the last of his come into me, he pulled out and closed my legs up tight.

"Can you handle sitting through a meeting with a cunt full of come?"

Still unable to speak thanks to the panties that filled my mouth, I nodded instead.

"I'm so glad," he said. "I'll be there to catch your presentation. Don't worry, though. We still have plenty of time to ourselves to prepare."

I'm not sure if I would qualify fucking until I couldn't walk straight as preparation. But it did help me to reach a very Zen level of relaxation. I walked into that meeting feeling on top of the world, knowing that at the end of the day, my boss would be on top of me!

— S. Simmons

If you're a sexual adventurer, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

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LOOKING TO ADD SOME EXTRA SPICE, THESE READERS EXPAND THEIR EROTIC REPERTOIRES

TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK

The time had come: I was ready for my new boyfriend to give it to me in the ass.

I have always considered anal sex something above any ordinary carnal act. It requires care. It's an intimacy that really can't be matched. I have to seriously trust the guy I'm letting into my backdoor. So I save the anal experience for men I feel most comfortable with.

Noah had definitely earned his right of passage. We'd been hooking up for several weeks. He was a smart, sweet, decent guy. He was also ridiculously gorgeous—like a swimmer crossed with an underwear model—and he had a big cock.

But not so big that I couldn't accommodate him in my rear.

Problem was, I'd given him every opportunity to fuck me in the ass. But he wouldn't take me up on the unspoken offer.

I told my troubles to my best pal.

"Well," Tiffany said, over wine at her place, "maybe you'd better make it a spoken offer."

I sighed and admitted, "I just prefer the subtle dance. There's something terribly romantic and magical about it."

"But not if he doesn't get the hint."

"I can't see how he's missing it." I set down my wineglass as I explained. "Last night, I'm on my hands and knees, facing away from him. I reached around myself, dipped a finger in my dripping pussy, and then rubbed it in a circle around my asshole. All the while I'm grinning at him back over my shoulder."

Tiff raised her eyebrows. "And he didn't take the hint?"

"Nope. He shoved his cock in my pussy and did me doggy-style, which was awesome. But not what I was hoping for."

We talked awhile more, but Tiff didn't have any other suggestions for me.

But the next night, when Noah and I were getting ready to go out, I considered that he might be averse to anal sex. Maybe he thought it was dirty or sinful? Who knows? People can develop strange hang-ups when it comes to the many mysteries of sex.

We went out to dinner, but it was just the prelude to him coming back to my place. All throughout the meal there was a crackling anticipation between us.

When we got to my apartment, it was plain the evening was heading straight for the bedroom. He took me in his arms, and we locked lips. Noah was a hell of a kisser. He was also fantastic in bed, with all the stamina and imagination a girl could want.

> **"More of him drove into me, and I gratefully took every inch of his shaft."**

There was just that one gaping blind spot. Anal. Maybe Tiff had it right. I should just come out and say it.

"Noah." I held his hands and looked up into his eyes. "I'd like something different tonight."

"Like, uh, what?"

"I mean, um." I was hesitant; I feared I might touch a nerve. Mustering up my courage, I announced, "I want you to fuck my ass."

He visibly flinched, and I felt a flutter of panic. I definitely didn't want to spook this man. Oh hell! Why couldn't I have kept my anal urges under wraps? Was it really such a big deal?

But it was. At least to me.

He swallowed anxiously and sputtered, "I—I don't know if I can."

"Why not?" I asked, my voice gentle.

He hesitated, then admitted: "I had a bad experience with it once. I wanted to do it with this girl I was seeing. When I asked, she made this sick face. I told her to forget about it, but then she insisted we do it."

"And you did?"

"Yes. Sort of. She bitched the whole time, muttering how gross and uncomfortable it was. Finally I just pulled out and split. Later, we broke up. I figured she'd been looking for an excuse to end it, and that was it." He shook his head. "I guess I have a bad association with anal sex."

I felt a flood of sympathy—and not a little anger toward the bitch who'd screwed with his head.

But an innovative solution occurred to me. I led him to my bedroom and told him to strip. I undressed as well, with excitement of a decidedly naughty variety tingling through me.

I gazed with fresh appreciation at his sculpted body. His cock was rising as he looked at me.

"So," I said, "some part of you really thinks anal sex is nasty, maybe even painful. Right?"

He nodded.

"I'll show you it's not. Will you trust me with this?"

Again, the nod. His cock was hard.

I told him to get on the bed, on his hands and knees, facing the headboard. Nonplussed, he did.

I got behind him. I licked my middle finger until it dripped with spit. In a soothing tone, I told him exactly what I was going to do to him.

He tensed, but didn't object when I slowly swirled my fingertip over the crinkled ring of flesh waiting in the valley between his perfect ass cheeks. He took a deep breath, and I saw his body relax.

My touch was soft, but I heard him gasp just the same. Tension seemed to leave him, and he subtly rocked back toward me.

"There," I cooed, "isn't that nice?"

He let out a soft moan, and I grinned.

I rubbed him with a little more force, going clockwise and counterclockwise. His asshole was firm but pliant, and he was groaning rhythmically.

"You ready for a little more?" I asked.

"Yes!" he gasped.

My plan was working! I pressed even harder until his hole opened just the tiniest bit. I let my fingertip sink inside, going a centimeter at a time.

"Oh fuck!" he uttered.

I stopped immediately and asked, "Are you OK?"

"I fucking love it! Finger me deeper, Cindi."

This experiment was going better than I could have expected, so I drove my digit further into my boyfriend's butt hole.

He could have freaked out right away, but he hadn't. He'd kept an open mind. He had trusted me, and that warmed my heart.

I was being warmed elsewhere as well. This had started off as an instructional lesson, but now my pussy was flowing and my pulse was racing. I was totally turned on, and I was finger-fucking Noah's ass!

His passage was tight, but his muscles were growing ever more relaxed. He took more of me, up to the first knuckle, then I sank in to the second. He was doing great.

Finally, I was in all the way. I curled my finger to stimulate his prostate. The action had an instant effect on Noah. He tossed his head, grunting with pleasure. He said "fuck, fuck, fuck" like it was some kind of carnal prayer.

I slid my middle finger in and out of his hole until he at last panted, "Cindi, let me put my cock in your ass!"

As quick as could be, I squirted some lube on my finger and greased up my hole, stretching myself with my slippery digits. Then I assumed his former position, on hands and knees. My body quivered with intense excitement.

I'd been wanting to get butt-fucked for some while, but the fact that I'd had to finger Noah's asshole to get

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to that point made the victory all the more delicious.

My boyfriend hurried in behind me, still making lovely growling sounds. I felt him press his swollen cockhead against my lube-slick hole.

He pushed forward without hesitation, and I felt him pop inside. My hole gripped him lusciously, a lover's sweet embrace. Familiar pleasure radiated outward from the point of contact as his hands closed over the globes of my ass. More of him drove into me, and I gratefully took every inch of his shaft.

It was the purest bliss—inventive, cooperative and trusting.

Vulnerable and horny, I was taking Noah's big cock in my tiny rear hole, desperate to feel him fuck me hard.

Before long, his balls were pressed against my body. He was all the way in. I was speared deep, my ass channel clasping him like a fist.

He started stroking in and out of me, and I groaned in encouragement. My words appeared to have the desired effect. Soon he was giving me long strokes, pulling nearly out, then hammering all the way home in one unbroken plunge.

The orgasmic buildup began quickly. An anal climax was always a different beast for me, gathering in its own unique way. The deep-seated ecstasy started out as tendrils of arousal, moving about at my inmost point.

Sexual energy flooded my being. My nipples throbbed with an almost painful hardness as gooseflesh pebbled all over my body. My pussy overflowed with juice, and I felt heat pulsing along every inch of flesh.

Noah fucked me harder and faster. I felt the slap of his balls and heard his primal grunts as his pelvis slammed against my cheeks. He was no longer being delicate, and there was no need for him to be.

His breath huffed, and his fingers sank into the flesh of my ass. I cried out as a climax started in the well of my being and exploded outward. My howl was matched by his.

Hot jets of come erupted inside me, adding to my frantic elation. Noah pounded me until his last spurt of jizz had flown. Then we collapsed.

The good news is, he's definitely no longer squeamish about all things anal. He still even likes me to finger him now and again. One time I did it while going down on him, and he came so furiously cream ran out of the corners of my mouth.

Maybe one day I'll put on my strap-on and really give him some fun. But one thing at a time.

— C.S., Gary, Ind.

HOT STUFF

Darlene was tending to something in the oven when I entered the kitchen. She was bent over, and my eyes were immediately drawn to her shapely ass. Man, she was one fine looking piece.

Apparently, she didn't hear me approach because she jumped when I grabbed hold of her hips and pressed my front to her back.

She stood bolt upright and punched me lightly in the arm.

"You could have pushed me into the oven!" she said in mock indignation. But she was laughing, and by that point I was, too. I squeezed her plush hips and kissed her mouth.

"I would never risk losing you—or your ass," I said, sliding a hand down to cup her cheek. She laughed again.

"I see how it is. You just love me for my ass."

"Well, in my defense, it's a perfect one," I told her.

She pulled a pan of brownies from the oven and then turned off the gas as she said, "I'd hardly call it perfect."

I hauled her to me and rubbed against her, so she could feel the hardness of my cock. I kissed her softly at first, then more intensely. I pushed my tongue into her mouth, and she responded in kind. My mind was completely focused on fucking her at that point. Well, to be more precise, fucking her ass.

I grabbed handfuls of her luscious bottom and squeezed. Darlene pressed her body against me. Her mouth slid along my throat, and my cock jumped.

She knew what I was after. She pushed her mouth to my earlobe and whispered, "If you eat my pussy good, I'll let you take my ass."

That was an offer I couldn't refuse. I love eating her snatch, so it was a win-win situation for me.

I took her hand and pulled her along with me as we hurried up to the bedroom.

Once there, I tugged off her red sweater and then whipped off her bra. I bent to lick her nipples, making her practically purr. I cupped one breast in my hand and sucked her nipple hard. Then I moved on to the other breast and gave it the same attention. Holding the back of my head, she whispered, "You know I love it when you do that."

I pushed my hand into her yoga pants and slid beneath her panties, searching for her clit. When my fingers found it, she moaned again. Then I pushed those digits inside her pussy. I pumped them in and out of her slick heat, making her gasp and wriggle. I kissed her again. But she pushed me back to unfasten my belt buckle and open my pants. Then we both rushed to get naked in a clumsy haste.

While I was trying to escape my clothes, she grabbed my cock and gave it a few good hard strokes. That didn't help with my concentration, but I kept my goal in mind: *Eat her pussy, then you can fuck her ass.*

My dick pulsed as I thought about sliding into her backdoor and the warm, tight grip of her hole.

I flung my pants aside and pushed her back onto the bed. She hit the mattress with a bounce and a squeal. I dropped to my knees, grabbed her full ass and hauled her toward me. When her butt was perched on the edge of the bed and her long legs draped over my shoulders, I buried my face between her thighs.

Darlene pushed up to meet me, grinding against my face. I worked her clit with the tip of my tongue. As I flicked it, I teased her asshole with my fingertip. Her juice and my saliva slid from her cunt down her butt crack, helping me ease my way inside. Ever so slowly, I slipped my digit into her ass while I tongued her button.

She groaned and sighed as she tangled her fingers in my hair. Her tugging and animalistic noises fueled my arousal. My cock was pulsing and desperate to feel some friction. I pushed my finger into her deeper, while increasing the speed of my tongue.

She put both of her hands on my head and held me tight to her pussy, her back arching as she climaxed suddenly.

When her tense muscles relaxed, I went back at her with my tongue, moving lazy and slow. It only took a few minutes for her to come again.

I stood and pushed her thighs wide before I plunged my cock into her pussy. I kept my gaze on her pretty face, admiring her flushed cheeks. She chewed her lower lip adorably as I screwed her.

She finally manage to utter, "I thought you were going to fuck my—"

"Shh. I will, but I want you to be out-of-your-fucking-mind horny."

I rocked my hips from side to side in the way that always gets her off. When she came again, her cunt quivered around my dick, which surprised me with a sudden wave of intense pleasure.

I pulled out and said, "Roll over."

She got on her stomach without pause and pushed her gorgeous ass back toward me. I slid a finger into her pussy, gathering up some of her slick moisture. Then I pushed that same digit deep inside her back hole. I moved it in and out, before adding a second. I took my time; I wanted to be sure she was ready—really ready. When she pushed back toward me again, I knew I was good to go. My balls ached with the need to come.

I placed the head of my cock at her asshole and pressed forward. She sighed as I entered her. I still took it slow, though, enjoying the feeling of her body squeezing my shaft. I grabbed ahold of her hips and pushed in a bit farther.

"Yes, baby," she said. "Fuck my ass."

She knew how those words would affect me. Without missing a beat, I rammed home, feeling her velvety inner walls gripping me.

I held her steady as I drew myself out with exaggerated care. She tried to rush me, to get a good, fast rhythm going, but I wouldn't do it. At least, not yet. I made her wait.

She pushed her hand beneath her body, and I felt the tickle of her fingers as they attacked her clit. Occasionally, she'd slip and graze my balls. Knowing she was working hard to get herself off while I nailed her made me hotter than ever.

"Without missing a beat, I rammed home, feeling her velvety walls gripping me."

Her impatience was infectious, and I started to fuck her faster. Every thrust brought me closer to bliss. She was so hot and tight, and she'd given herself over to me completely.

I kept hammering into her and felt her slide her fingers inside her pussy. Through that thin layer of flesh, I felt the drag of her thrusting fingertips against my cock. The double penetration made her back passage feel even tighter. I didn't want to come too fast, but it was becoming difficult to hang on.

I shut my eyes, concentrating on everything I was feeling. Her body seemed to be hugging my dick even tighter. That told me she was going to come, and I wouldn't be far behind her.

"You're so big," she said. "I love the way you fill me up. How it feels to have both holes stuffed full. I feel like such a dirty girl when you take me this way."

Her voice trailed off as the sensations became too much for her. She had been talking, but it was like she wasn't speaking to me at all.

Her body quivered around me, growing so tight I heard myself suck in a breath.

I trailed my fingers along her hips and thighs, my touch feathery-light.

She groaned and pushed back against me, and I felt her surrender—felt the ripple and clench of her around me as she came. She put her head down, her body shuddering and her arms trembling. She cried out loudly as she shook, the orgasmic spasms wracking her. She stayed down, head resting on bent arms, her ass held high. She was moving with me as I found a rhythm that would take me to the end. I dug my fingers into her hips as I pistoned in and out of her. I was rapidly approaching the point of no return.

My breath was puffing like a freight train, my cock stone-hard. I felt the sway and bang of my balls as I fucked her. I was locked in the vortex of my own pleasure, and every time she made a soft sound of submission, arousal burst through me like a flare.

She raised herself off the mattress and turned her head, her dark hair falling away from her face as she said, "Come for me. Come in me."

I held my breath, feeling the tingling beginnings of an orgasm swirling within me. I only made it a few more strokes, and then I was gone, pumping her full of cream. My body jerked wildly against hers, and I gripped her so tight I feared I'd leave marks on her pale skin. I bucked against her and heard her sigh. I felt the wetness of my load leaking from her. Only when my cock started to grow soft did I pull free.

Times like these were always intense, and I hated to see them end. But I knew we'd soon make more memories.

I bent over her and kissed the top of her head. She was breathing nearly as hard as me.

I hadn't anticipated cooking up such hot encounter. But how can I help it when my wife is such a dish!

—K.A., Concord, N.H.

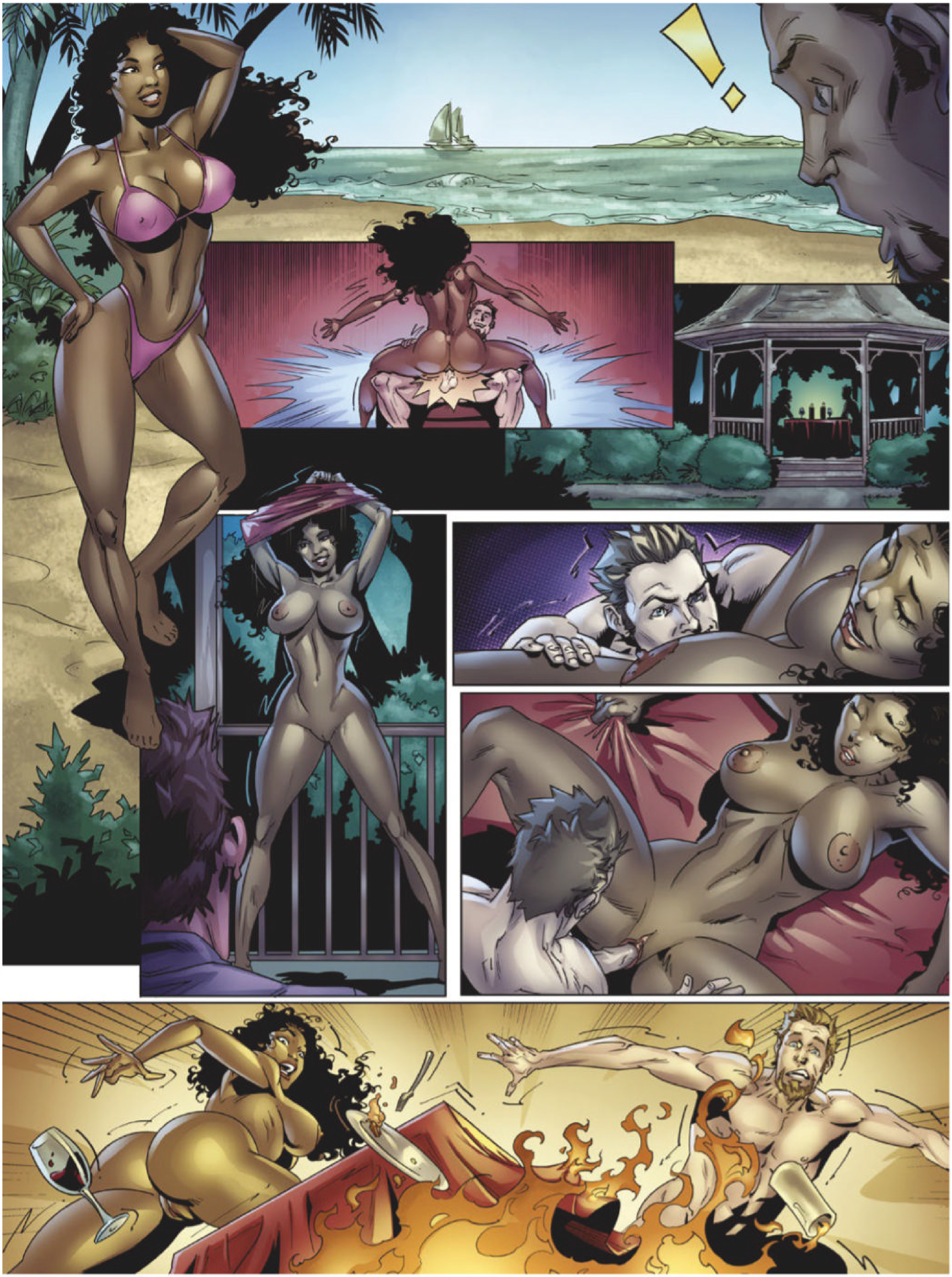

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

EROTIC FICTION

REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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BURNING LOVE

Ask anyone who knows me, and they're likely to say I'm the least romantic guy they've ever met. But if I'm just in a relationship to get my dick wet, there's no reason to put in too much effort. However, Maya inspired me to go the extra mile.

Living in Hawaii, I see a lot of gorgeous girls on the beach—but Maya really caught my cock's attention.With long dark hair and a body that perfectly filled out her pink bikini, I was instantly attracted to her.

I chatted her up at the outdoor bar, barely able to keep my eyes off her awesome rack. She had a wicked twinkle in her eye that hinted she'd be great in the sack—and I was raring to test my theory. Turns out, I was right.

Not wasting any time, Maya invited me to her place that very night.We'd barely finished our first round of drinks before she climbed aboard my prick and rode me like a rodeo queen—right there on her living room couch. Her pussy was wet and perfect.

After dating her for two months, I wanted to plan something special.

As luck would have it, that week my uncle had to go out of town and asked me to house-sit. I said yes immediately.

His place is great—lots of privacy, a giant TV and a fully stocked bar. There was also a gazebo that was in good shape; I thought it would be perfect for a candlelit dinner date. I was also hoping for some alfresco dessert—I love fucking outdoors.

The weather cooperated, and so did my favorite restaurant, delivering the food right on time. I liked Maya, but there was no way I was cooking. I was trying to impress her, after all.

Anyhow, I set everything up and Maya arrived in a red spaghetti-strap dress as the sun was starting to set. The golden glow from the waning light and the flickering flames from the pillar candles I'd set on the table made her look even more beautiful than usual.We ate and talked for a bit—but there was no denying the simmering sexual tension between us. We both knew dinner was just an appetizer before we fucked like bunnies.

After a few bites, Maya put down her fork, stood up and whipped her dress over her head. She was naked beneath it and wore only her lace-up sandals.With her tits bouncing, she strutted around the table and grabbed my hand, directing me to the cushioned bench behind my chair. It was a tight space with the table setup, but I sat back and let Maya unzip my pants. She knelt before me and sank her lips down my dick. That little cocksucker hoovered my boner like a pro. I eased her back before I shot off in her mouth because I was aching to screw her.

I switched places with Maya, putting her down on the bench. I pinched her nipples and lapped at her pussy until she whined impatiently, which didn't take long. "Fuck me, baby," she begged, shamelessly humping my face. How could I deny her?

With her juice still on my lips, I jammed my dick into her sopping pussy. She shrieked and let loose a string of dirty demands, ordering me to pound her good. Normally, she wasn't so vocal, but I guess something about being outdoors was freeing.

Maya was always a wild ride, but she was extra-animated that night—scratching her nails down my back and bucking her hips to meet me thrust for thrust.

Her wet cunt was overflowing. I was dimly aware of the weird squelching noises my cock made as I plowed her tight hole. But the only sounds I cared about were her escalating cries of pleasure as I drove her closer to orgasm.

I was doing my best to hold out until she climaxed, but it was a tight race. Her whimpers rang in my ears as her spasming cunt massaged my shaft and kept me on the verge of blowing my load.

I started corkscrewing my hips to give her clit a little extra friction—and hopefully push her over the edge. Gritting my teeth, I upped the pace and intensity of my thrusts. Crazed with lust, Maya's limbs flailed as she lost control and somehow kicked over the table. Dishes and glasses crashed to the floor in a heart-stopping moment, and Maya shrieked again. But this time, it was with fear—not delight.

I turned to see rising flames as the toppled candles ignited the tablecloth and who knows what else.

I reared back, and terrified Maya sprinted to the house—naked. I followed her to snag a fire extinguisher from the kitchen and put out the blaze.

So much for our hot date.

—K.G., Honolulu, Hawaii

FLASHBACK

BIG NEW YEAR ISSUE

1974, VOL. 8, NO. 10.
FEATURING:
FRAN FULLENWIDER
SANDY ROBERTSON
TRACEY SULLIVAN

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